THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 73. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 47

WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG.

BY CARLOS.

When hearts are young and hearts are warm,
Love holds her bright dominion,
And not life's fiercest, darkest storm
Can damp their fancy's pinion;
But ere life's sordid cares have power
From nature's ways to win it,
The heart is like a budding flower,
Its sweetness all within it.

Ah! thus young hearts should ever stay,
Untouch'd by time and sorrow,
Nor live to waste their sweets away,
By blooming on to-morrow;
For life holds nought that can restore
Their vanish'd fragrance to them,
And all their early charm is o'er,
When love has ceased to woo them.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IT WAS with an air of ill-repressed excitement that Jane ministered now to her dogs' requirements. She forgot to pour out some tea for herself, but she put a saucerful of milk before Mimi. She carried Peter's tea into his favorite corner, and she mounted the stairs to convey cake and comfort to the forlorn Lord John.

A sweet sense of delight filled her heart and mind. She had a vague feeling of wonderment as to why her father should have determined to come to Carno Court in so unexpected a way, when he had told her distinctly that he could not see her again for some time; but she did not trouble herself very much on this point—it was enough for her to know that he was coming, and coming speedily, too.

Long before the phaeton was brought to the door Jane was ready. She had not changed her gown, but had put a sailor-hat on her small dark head and drawn a pair of loose driving-gloves over her slender hands. Before mounting to the seat and taking the reins, she attended to all her animals. Mimi was confided to a stolid-looking under-groom, who had managed somehow to make friends with the erratic little beast. Lord John, with wisdom gained by bitter experience, had retreated to his own basket, but Peter remained, and had to be repulsed twice by the magic word "Church!" before he retired to the step and stood there with his eyes expressing wistful resignation.

Jane ran back once to give him a farewell caress.

"It is only a little 'church' this time, poor old Peter! Cheer up—missus will be home directly! And whom do you think she is going to bring with her? Why, daddy—dear, dear daddy! Think of that, Peter, and don't look so sad!" After that, she mounted lightly to the seat of the phaeton, and took the reins in a manner that at once betokened she knew how to use them. "Right!" she cried to the groom.

The man stepped aside, and the magnificently-matched horses started forward. Jane looked round and gave another parting word of comfort to the disappointed Peter.

"Back directly, Peter," she cried, "and then we shall be happy—so very, very happy!"

With a merry laugh, the girl sent the bays flying down the avenue beneath the interlaced boughs of the trees and out through the great gates into the country road.

"Oh, I am happy—I am happy!" she said to herself, as she drew nearer and nearer where she should meet her beloved father.

Alas for little Jane Ludlowe! It would be a long time—many and many a day indeed—before she would feel again the warmth and delight of such happiness as filled her young heart at that moment.

* * * * * *

Jane Ludlowe and her father sat at dinner in the twilight of the long July day. The sun had gone down behind the trees far away across the lawn, but a mass of gorgeous coloring lingered for a while in the sky after he had sunk to rest. Slowly however this glory vanished—the gold melted into pure red, then into a splendid purple, and at last the gray mist of the summer night stole over the purple and blotted it out. The day had been sultry, but the evening was deliciously fresh and cool. Outside the gardeners were busy with hose and watering-cans, and the soft night air coming in at the open windows brought with it the pleasant sound of the splashing water.

Meadows, having no poetry in his nature, unhesitatingly turned on the electric light as the last gleam of color died out of the sky. He surveyed the room with satisfaction. In honor of his master's appearance he had brought out some of the superb silver that was used only when Sir Richard Ludlowe was at Carno Court. The costly table appointments were perfect; everything in the room, and indeed the whole house, bore evidence of a refined cultured taste.

There was a profusion of fragrant roses among the silver decorations. Jane herself had gathered them just before dinner; and an immense cluster stood in front of her father's place. The soft-shaded electric light shed a glow over all. Meadows thought nothing could have been better; he hovered about the table while dinner progressed, and now and again looked curiously at his young mistress. He had laid her plate, as was customary when Sir Richard was present, close to the head of the table and her father's chair, and he had smiled to himself as he did so, picturing the pretty sight he would have later on, when the girl sat there laughing and chattering, and telling all her little secrets to her father.

The picture Meadows had imagined was not however presented to him that night. Jane occupied her accustomed place and wore her best evening frock, and her pretty hair was brushed softly away from her brow. Sir Richard sat very near to her—she could have stretched out her hand with ease and touched his if she had chosen so to do; but the sweetness of her young voice, her frank happy laugh, and her usual pretty show of delight and love at her father's presence were all absent.

Meadows frowned. It was very strange. Could anything have happened? Had Sir Richard been displeased? A glance at his master's face dispelled the thought; in all the years that he had served at Carno Court Meadows had never seen Sir Richard look better than he did to-night. Considering that he was a son of the people, of humble origin, he was a curiously distinguished-looking man; there was a military air about him, and he did not by any means look his age, which was a little on the wrong side of fifty. Now, as he sat at the head of the table in the stately dining-room, he wore his years even more lightly than usual. There was a change in him however—a change which was too subtle for the old servant's mind to fathom, but which was none the less apparent to him.

"P'r'aps he's 'ad a stroke of luck; though I don't remember Sir Richard to give out his feelings, no matter how good things might be—it ain't his way," Meadow mused, as he put the wine upon the table and handed the fruit to his young mistress. "All the same," the old butler decided, "there's something different with him to-night. And what ails Miss Jane I don't know, 'cept she's likely gone and upset herself a-rushing about in the sun this afternoon after that there dratted beast!"

Meadows now and then conversed with his master, who made genial inquiries after all his household; but, though Sir Richard did this with no apparent divergence from his ordinary manner, Meadows was more than ever impressed with a feeling that something of an exciting and agitating nature was occupying his master's mind.

"He's either extra vexed or extra pleased about something—anyhow, he certaintly ain't himself; if he was, he'd never have sat there all through his dinner and not have worrited over Miss Jane's white cheeks and tired looks. Drat that monkey, say I! For two pins I'd wring its neck to-morrow, for all I'm as peace-loving and soft-hearted as most men!"

Meadows was really grieved at the strange look that had come over his young mistress.

The old servant dawdled about the room as long as he could; but at last there was nothing to keep him, and Jane and her father were left alone.

Sir Richard, who had fallen into a reverie, which seemed tinged with exquisite pleasure, remained silent after Meadows had gone.

Jane sat perfectly still, looking at him. Often before had she sat in that place, her heart filled with the joy of letting her eyes dwell on her father's face—of listening to his voice, of feeling the tender touch of his strong right hand! The scene was just the same as it had always been—the oaken furniture, the priceless masterpieces on the walls, the great broad windows; and there was the sound of the deep even ticking of the clock on the mantelshelf the same as ever; yet, the girl felt, what a strange sorrowful difference there was!

Jane had never known her father as he was to-night. He was to her almost as another man. Her riven young heart could not realize the fulness of the change in him yet; but enough was apparent to her to cause her the deepest mental suffering.

"He has forgotten me; he does not even look at me; he has not spoken to me once; he does not even seem to know that I am here!"

The thought almost made her gasp. It was Jane's first experience of sorrow, and it seemed to sweep all the light and glory away from her. She had lived her short span of years enveloped in the mantle of tenderest sympathy, of sweetest illusions, of unfailing love. To have this mantle torn from her suddenly, leaving her to stand shivering, desolate and alone, was almost like having the very heart torn from her breast.

The love she had given her father had been so great that she had never sought to analyse his affection for her. In her simplicity she had imagined that as she loved so was she loved in return. She had never had cause to doubt this until now, when she was suddenly awakened from her dream to be confronted with the terrible knowledge that her place in her father's heart was gone—that his love was given to another.

Jane was sensitive and quick-witted; she did not need to be told that beneath the few terse words in which her father had communicated the news of his forthcoming marriage there glowed the fire of a passionate love. The eagerness in his voice, notwithstanding his efforts to suppress it, had pierced Jane's heart. She had been so happy—so very happy—until that moment! She had driven her father home from the station; she had taken him to see Mimi, and had clung to his arm and whistled joyously for Peter and Lord John to join them in their ramble; she had poured out all her heart's music in pretty words and loving endearments. Nothing had come to mar their happiness then.

It was while she was gathering the roses to deck the dinner-table, singing in blithesome fashion as she went, that the blow had fallen. Sir Richard had come from the house and joined her on the lawn. She had turned to him, radiant, and had caught up her skirt and tossed the blossoms into it, crying—

"I am queen of the roses, daddy—look at me!"

Sir Richard had smiled at her. She was pretty indeed at this moment; but his eyes were blind to the picture she made.

"I have something to tell you, little one," he said hurriedly; and then he had kissed her softly and uttered the words that were as a death-blow to simple happy girlish, Jane Ludlowe, that put an end to her innocent content, that set her feet on the steep thorny road of womanhood. Some one was coming to Carno Court, some one young and most lovely, some one whom her father told her she must hold most dear, for it was some one who was about to give him great happiness—the greatest happiness he could know. He had turned away abruptly as he finished speaking, and Jane had stood as if petrified, staring after him and repeating over and over again to herself what she had just heard.

A dull sense of misery, desolation, and wild despair oppressed her. It was due to jealousy; but Jane was too ignorant to attribute it to its right source. She did not try to stem it; all that was generous and gentle within her seemed overwhelmed, for the moment by other feelings. It was such a grievous hurt, it would be long before it even began to heal. She had gone slowly back to the house, dressed for dinner like an automaton, then gone slowly down the stairs.

Usually she had almost flown from the gallery to the hall and into Sir Richard's arms; to-night she walked as if her feet had been weighted with lead.

She had sat through dinner as if in a dark oppressive dream; she could not rouse herself, yet at every turn she was sensible of a new throb of agony in her heart. Her father's blindness as to her pale face and her altered manner, the unconscious smile that appeared now and again on his face, his strange air of excitement, the thought of the other girl, whom Jane had never known, but who had won something which she, with all her daughter's devotion, could never have won—these were facts too potent to be ignored; they carried conviction, they destroyed all lingering hope.

As the clock chimed nine Sir Richard roused himself, and took a cigar out of the case before him.

"Well, little one," he said to Jane, "where is my light?"

The girl rose gravely and fetched a quaint little silver dragon with a flame between its open jaws. Sir Richard looked at her carelessly, and then more closely as she came near to him.

"You are a very white mouse to-night," he said. "I think Meadows is right, Jane—you should not be out so much in the sun; it is not good for you."

"I feel very well," she replied, putting the cigar-lighter upon the table.

"How would you like to go to the sea for a while? When did you say Mrs. Winter was returning? I think you ought to have a change of air, Jane."

The girl sat down again very quietly, and was silent for a moment; when she did speak, it was to put a question to her father.

"Papa, have you known Miss Denistoun very long?"

Sir Richard's face flushed slightly.

"A few months," he answered abstractedly, clipping off the end of his cigar. "It seems longer," he added musingly—"much longer."

The unmeasureable sympathy, the keen intuition, the new-born womanliness in the daughter's heart enabled her to grasp the meaning of the last words.

"Tell me something about her," the girl said gently. Already, true to her noble nature, she had begun to put aside her trouble and to think of her father. She saw that it was more than pleasure to him to speak of the subject of her own thoughts, and, though every word, every tone of tenderness was as a sting to her, she bore it bravely. She proved that her love was true, for she forgot herself and remembered only the father whom she adored.

Sir Richard complied at once. He described Cynthia's loveliness, spoke of her sweetness and of her goodness to her mother, and told of the difficulties that had beset the young girl's pathway in life, and the poverty that had well-nigh crushed both her mother and herself.

"She is so delicate, so fair, so proud—a queen of women!" he concluded. "The blood of her soldier father runs in her veins—that is what makes her so brave—but, for all her courage, she was beginning to grow weary. I have seen her white and worn with the hardships of her life." Sir Richard's voice was full of emotion. He had forgotten that he was addressing any one; he spoke as if uttering the secret communings of his heart. "It was not possible for her to go on any longer. I shiver when I think what might have come to her—if she had not met me."

He had lighted his cigar, but he was not smoking—he was leaning back in his chair, idly tracing a pattern with a fork on the cloth. Jane's dark eyes rested on him with an expression of mingled pride, sadness and love.

"She will be happy now," she said softly; "she will have no more troubles now, daddy."

Sir Richard's face lighted up.

"Pray Heaven she may never know the meaning of sorrow again," he exclaimed earnestly—"my poor beautiful Cynthia!" Then he laughed, and, bending forward, pinched Jane's cheek. "You are a very big daughter for so young a mother," he continued; "I am afraid Cynthia will be frightened when she sees you; I told her you were a child." He patted the girl's cheek now where he had just pinched it. "And you were a child only the other day, you know, Jane. What do you mean by growing up into such a magnificent young woman so quickly?" Sir Richard rose with a laugh, and dropped his unsmoked cigar on to the dessert plate. "Evans will be here by this, I suppose; I wired him to be up punctually at nine. I have a lot to arrange with him; and I must return to town early to-morrow morning. We have no time to lose, you see, Jane"—Sir Richard smiled, betraying the emotions that were crowding his heart—"only a short fortnight in which to prepare Carno Court to receive its mistress. You will not know your old home, Jane. It is going to be really beautiful!"

Jane rose too, and walked to the window.

"It can never be so beautiful to me as it has always been!" she said in swift passionate tones; and there was a break in her voice that was infinitely pathetic.

Her father did not hear her words however; he had gone out of the room, eager to start business with his agent. As he opened the door, the dogs had come scampering in, making their usual fuss at being again allowed into the presence of their beloved mistress. For once they found themselves unappreciated—for once they were forgotten. Jane turned from them and their barks of joy. She pushed the window wide open and went out on to the lawn. It was dark now—there was no moon, though the sky was clear and the stars shone out.

The girl walked across the grass quickly but steadily, her hands clenched. Her scalding tears blotted out the night's calm beauty from her eyes. She walked on into the darkness, never pausing until she reached the distant belt of trees. She was not conscious where she was going; it was the passionate anguish of her heart that propelled her onwards. Lord John followed her mournfully. He was not sure that he was wanted; but he had never experienced a repulse or a sharp word from his mistress in his life, and he would not be frightened out of his loyalty now, though it was evident to him that something was wrong.

Jane turned when she reached the trees. Before her lay the house in which her simply happy childhood had been spent. Every line, corner and gable of the building was dear to her. The soft mellow light streamed out through the windows; the great door of the hall still remained wide open. Jane stood looking at the house. It was her home—the home that had been so pleasant, so peaceful, so full of innocent love and contentment. She was looking at it for the last time. In a few hours the work-people would have changed it all.

The girl suddenly covered her face with her hands, and the tears came quickly. In the future she would be brave and strong and would try to forget; but to-night, when it was all so new, she might be allowed one moment of weakness, even of despair.

The lesson her anxious loving governess had tried in vain to teach the girl had been forced upon her at last. It had been sudden and convincing, and she had not been prepared to receive it; but, though it had come with such crushing force, it had only bent Jane Ludlowe's strong and noble spirit—it had not broken it. There was more in the girl's heart than had yet been revealed even to the thoughtful woman who watched her so carefully—a hope, a courage, a sweetness, and a goodness that would carry her through darker moments, greater sorrows, more intense suffering than was contained in this the first serious grief that had entered into her young life.

CHAPTER IV.

GREATLY to her aunt's vexation, Miss Denistoun decreed that the ceremony of her marriage with Sir Richard Ludlowe should be as simple and as quiet as possible. She would have no bridesmaids.

"But, my dear Cynthia," Lady Montrose cried, almost losing her temper with the future wife of a millionaire, "what are you thinking of? All girl-brides must have bridesmaids!"

"I am not as other girls, aunt Susan," Cynthia replied a little bitterly. "You credit me with too much. I have no friends, remember."

"Oh, but that is easily arranged! You have my Lucy. Then there are Nigel Denistoun's two girls; they are plain, poor things, but that will not matter—they are your cousins"—and Lady Montrose counted off the various names on her jeweled fingers. "There is Montrose's ward, Helen Smythe. I should suggest Lady Agatha Lithgow, too. She is called a beauty; but she makes a good contrast to you, and is always described well in the papers; and next——"

At this point however Miss Denistoun checked the flow of her aunt's eloquence.

"I will have no bridesmaids, aunt Susan," she said. "I want no guests or flowers or fuss of any description. If I consent to wear a white gown, it is because mamma wishes that I should do so; and I am glad to please her. Had it been otherwise, I should have arranged to be married in the most ordinary of my walking-dresses."

Lady Montrose raised her eyebrows at her niece's extraordinary decision. She did not in the least understand the girl; indeed there were moments when Lady Montrose longed to take Cynthia by the shoulders and shake her.

"She is a poseuse," she said to her daughter Lucy, who was filled with envy, which was but ill-concealed, at the wonderful good fortune that had come to her poor cousin. "It is not possible that that cold indifferent manner of hers can be real. No woman could be so indifferent as Cynthia appears to be at this time. Why, when her sapphires arrived yesterday, she actually did not even condescend to open the cases, and, when I tried to show them to her and to arouse a little enthusiasm in her, she put them aside without a word! I must say," Lady Montrose added warmly, "it is not very grateful to Sir Richard! The thousands that man is spending on her already! It is enough to frighten an ordinary individual!"

"Oh, but Cynthia does not condescend to be anything so commonplace as an ordinary individual, mamma!" Lucy replied, with a sneer. "She is a nasty cold selfish thing! What Sir Richard sees in her I don't know. If she had had a grain of niceness in her, she would have done things as you wanted. Just fancy having no bridesmaids! Horrid, I call it!"

Miss Montrose had a decided grievance; for, had she been allowed to serve at her cousin's wedding, which she considered she had a right to do, she would have been the richer by at least one piece of jewelry.

"Sir Richard would have been sure to give the bridesmaids something in diamonds," she said to her mother. "I suppose Cynthia knew that, and decided to do without us for the purpose of keeping all his gifts to herself!"

Lady Montrose, not daunted by her niece's lack of sympathy, showed extraordinary zeal in connection with the marriage.

"After all, it will be a novelty to have no bridesmaids, and Cynthia can afford to be eccentric," she said to herself.

She was very busy. The town rang with her chatter about the magnificent presents that were being lavished by Sir Richard Ludlowe upon his future wife. Every little detail concerning Cynthia and her middle-aged bridegroom was given to society.

The wedding was fixed for the last day of July, at a fashionable West-end church. Scarcely three weeks would have elapsed between the day of the engagement and the day of the marriage. Lady Montrose found herself in great request; every one was deeply interested in the event that occupied so much of her attention; and there was great eagerness for the scraps of intelligence that she was able to furnish—descriptions of the superb jewels, the rubies and diamonds that would adorn the future Lady Ludlowe's head, the necklace of rarest pearls, valued at a fabulous amount, the sapphires and other gems, the costly delicate laces, the yacht that had been given Cynthia's name, and in which the newly-wedded pair would go for a short cruise immediately after the marriage, the splendors that were being prepared at Carno Court for the reception of the bride, the carriages that were being built for her, the house in Mayfair Square that would be her town residence.

Lady Montrose could imagine no shadow crossing the sunshine of Cynthia's future life, except perhaps a faint one caused by Sir Richard's young daughter Jane. The world asked a few questions about this girl; but Lady Montrose had very little to tell—only that Miss Ludlowe was quite young, not out of the school-room; that she was exceedingly plain—on what ground she made this statement was best known to herself—that she was by no means robust; and that she would not be present at her father's marriage, because her doctors had ordered her to the seaside. A little disappointment was caused by the intimation that Jane Ludlowe would not be present at the wedding. No one cared about her personally, but there had always been an element of interest attached to her as being her father's daughter and heiress to his great wealth. Society would have liked to see with their own eyes what manner of girl she was, and how she bore the blow of having to share her father's wealth with another.

Cynthia had spoken to Sir Richard about his child; but her words had been graceful and well-chosen.

"I hope she will like me," she said, with a faint smile.

Was it possible that it could be otherwise? Sir Richard had replied hurriedly and tenderly. His little Jane would not only like her young stepmother—she would love her immediately.

Cynthia saw very little of her fiance; there was so much to be done; Sir Richard had every moment of his time occupied. One day they went down to Carno Court, which was undergoing a complete transformation, and Cynthia expressed herself delighted with everything.

"It is a veritable palace!" she said to Sir Richard; but, as she stood in the rooms that were to be hers and looked round on the delicate silken hangings, and all the costly decorations, she thought, with a shiver, "It is my prison!"

She was becoming weary already of the magnificence that was to surround her. She had longed too intensely for good fortune—had prayed so unceasingly for gold, for luxury, for splendor. Now that they were hers, they had come in excess, and she found little satisfaction in them.

The greatest pleasure she had was when she looked at her mother and saw the change that was already apparent in the sweet worn face. Then Cynthia would clasp her hands passionately and say to herself, "I have done well!" But even as she did so the scene in the corridor of the opera-house rose up before her. She saw George Nugent's pale anguished face, heard him entreating her in tender broken-hearted tones to be true to herself. She had been deceiving herself; she had not done well—she had done ill, and she knew it. The knowledge of her cruelty and faithless desertion was a blight upon her prosperity. She wondered if she would ever forget, and if she would ever be forgotten.

"I renounce you without one regret!" he had said. How cold and clear and horrible those words had rung in her ears! She could hear them now, night and day. It was terrible to remember that they had been uttered by him, the man who for so long had worshipped her.

Not a word as to his movements ever reached her. Sometimes she longed to hear her mother utter his name. Mrs. Denistoun had an especial liking for George Nugent, whose mother had been one of her earliest friends; she had always taken an interest in the young man's hard-working career, and had cheered him many a time with a kind word; but she had never imagined that he was more to Cynthia than any of the other men who came to see them in their humble home; and she could think of nothing now save the marvellous fortune that had come to her darling; she could talk of nothing but Sir Richard Ludlowe and his goodness.

Cynthia waited and craved in vain for news of her lost love. He had indeed gone out of her life! Often did she sit thinking of him late into the night. What would he do? Would he take the appointment that was offered to him at last, after months of weary waiting? Would he remain in London, and thus inflict upon her the agony of meeting him constantly? There were moments when Cynthia faltered, when she felt that to regain her lost love, to reign once more as she had done in his heart, she would sacrifice all the worldly fortune that had come to her. But these moments were not of frequent occurrence; although the wealth that was now being poured into her lap caused her some weariness, the girl could not bear to think what life would be if she were again plunged into poverty. She had but to recall the memories of the past to become her real self again. She loved despairingly, passionately, intensely, but she could not put her love before herself.

Two days before her marriage Cynthia received from the lips of her aunt the news she had so eagerly desired. Lady Montrose arrived that morning at the same time as the daily supply of costly flowers with which Sir Richard loved to deck his betrothed's small home. Cynthia had refused to leave the old lodgings, despite Lady Montrose's persistent efforts to induce her to do so. The room was a glory of roses. Mrs. Denistoun was arranging the flowers in vases. Lady Montrose looked pale and agitated as she entered.

"Give me some water, Cynthia!" she exclaimed. "I have had an accident! I am dreadfully upset!"

Both Cynthia and her mother hastened to assist their kinswoman, and she speedily recovered.

"Don't look so anxious, Helen," she said to her sister. "I am all right now. I was only frightened!"

"What has happened to you, aunt Susan?" Cynthia asked quietly. The girl had gone back to the low chair by the window where she usually sat. She wore a very plain pink-cotton gown, but she had the air of a princess. Her loveliness was enhanced by the morning light. There were no jewels on her slender fingers; some roses stuck in her belt were her only adornment.

"I have been very nearly killed! I came into collision with a hansom—nasty things, I hate them!" exclaimed Lady Montrose warmly. "I was all but turned over. If it hadn't been for George Nugent, I believe I should have been a corpse by now!"

A hot flush suffused Cynthia's pale face for a moment. She turned her eyes to the window and set her teeth firmly.

"George Nugent?" echoed Mrs. Denistoun. "What did he do, Susan? I like him so much! It is a long time since we saw him. He used to come quite often—did he not, Cynthia?"

"I believe he did visit us several times, mamma," replied Cynthia hurriedly, but in a cold hard tone that made her mother look at her quickly, fearing she was in some way annoyed.

Lady Montrose however noticed nothing amiss; she was carefully examining her own wrists.

"I am a mass of bruises!" she said. "I was furious with George Nugent! Of

course it was not his fault, but he was being driven in such a hurry that his cab dashed into the carriage as though I had been nobody! He had the impertinence to laugh when I scolded him! But there—he is such a handsome boy one can forgive him anything! It is a thousand pities he is so poor; he would be a real good husband for any girl. Upon my word, if he only had just a little money, I would willingly give him my Lucy tomorrow; for of course there is always the possibility of his coming into the Hampshire title. Old Lord Hampshire can't live much longer"—Lady Montrose forgot her bruises in launching into history—"and his scarecrow of a son has been married all these years and never a ghost of an heir as yet. Still it is only a possibility; and, as he stands at present, George Nugent is undoubtedly out of the running for my Lucy or anybody else."

"He has some Government appointment," said Mrs. Denistoun, still casting hurried nervous glances at her daughter. Cynthia has very little affection for her aunt, and she had no sympathy with her.

"Has he?" said Lady Montrose, as she rubbed her arm mechanically. "Then it must be an appointment at the Antipodes, for he is on his way to Australia as fast as he can go. He wanted to catch a train to Plymouth this morning when we met so unexpectedly; and now he tells me he will have lost his ship, and will have to wait a few days for another. I spoke to him quite seriously," added Lady Montrose, assuming her wisest air. "I told him he ought to remember that if anything happened to the old earl or to Lord Tring he, as the son of the second brother, would inherit the title and estates, and that he ought to be somewhere on the spot and not flying like a wild man to the other side of the world. He listened attentively, but I am afraid I did not makes much impression. I don't believe he cares one jot about the title! What lovely flowers, to be sure!" abruptly exclaimed her ladyship.

"But surely Lord Tring is quite a young man, aunt Susan; he may yet have half a dozen sons!" observed Cynthia, who had left her seat and was bending over a bowl of roses. Her voice sounded hard, and she was trembling slightly. She had always known of George Nugent's family connection, but the view of his position which her aunt had put before her had never presented itself to her, and he had never spoken of it. She felt icy cold, yet her heart seemed to be burning fiercely. If this should be! If fate should place him in such a position—give him wealth, an old and honored title, everything that she held most dear! To Cynthia's eyes the sunshine of the morning seemed to fade away; the scent of the flowers suddenly became loathsome to her. She turned deathly pale, and she reeled. In a moment Mrs. Denistoun had placed her arms about the girl, and Lady Montrose was fussing round her eagerly.

"It is the heat; and there are so many flowers."

Mrs. Denistoun looked with great anxiety at her daughter's set white face.

"My darling, my dear love, tell me you are better?" she pleaded.

Cynthia recovered herself after a few moments.

"I am quite well now, mamma," she said; "but I will go to my room. I shall be better alone and quiet. Make my excuses to Sir Richard when he comes; I cannot see him this morning."

Cynthia walked away to her own room—the room she had occupied for several months, where sweet loving letters had reached her every morning, and where she had indulged in dreams and harbored desires which had so often ended in sullen and impatient resignation. She stood in that room, her hands clasped over her heart. The knowledge that her old lover was going to Australia hurt her keenly; the fact that he had laughed and seemed in good spirits hurt her still more; the thought of the possibility to which Lady Montrose had referred hurt her most of all. What if it should come about—if, after driving him from her, events should happen as her aunt had sketched them out at that moment? Cynthia was conscious of the vanity of earthly joys. Her pathway was strewn with roses, their fragrance filled the air; but beneath their velvety petals thorns were lightly hidden. She had not taken many steps on this path of roses as yet; nevertheless she had felt the sharp prick of a thorn that threatened to spoil the realization of that for which she had so wantonly sacrificed a man's love.

* * * * * *

Jane Ludlowe stood at the foot of a wide-spreading tree. The country about her was wild and rugged. On her right gray-tinged mountains rose so high that they seemed to pierce the fleecy clouds, and at their base a little village nestled, while here and there, built on some projecting part of the steep mountain-side and surrounded by thickly-growing trees, a house could be seen.

If Jane had turned and faced the country that stretched away from the village and the mountains, she might have fancied she was viewing a land that bordered an ocean. Yet the sea was many miles away, on the other side of a range of hills that were now hidden by mist. The girl however was not looking at the scenery. She was becoming accustomed to the rugged beauties of the small Welsh village with the unpronounceable name where she was staying, although her familiarity was tinged with a tender appreciation, not with weariness or even satiety. To her, Nature was ever a book to be read again with delight, enthusiasm and gratitude. Now however her thoughts were centred on something concealed high up in the great tree beneath which she was standing.

She was not alone; Peter stood close beside his mistress, gazing upwards too; and at a little distance sat Lord John, surveying the landscape with a magnificent assumption of indifference.

Jane stretched out her small sun-tanned hand encouragingly.

"Mimi, Mimi, come along," she called softly in her clear voice—"come along, Mimi dear! You shall be quite safe now. If Lord John attempts to bark at you and frighten you again, he shall be well whipped—yes," cried Jane, turning to cast a word of reproof at the dog, "whipped! You hear that sir?"

Lord John vouchsafed a yawn to the landscape: he knew the value of the threat, and treated it with all the respect it deserved.

Jane was in despair. She called to Mimi again and again, but the monkey resolutely refused to come down. It was not often that he turned a deaf ear to Jane's words, for he had attached himself to the girl with wonderful fidelity, and betrayed his affection in funny little ways that endeared him to her. A truce was patched up occasionally between the dogs and himself, but now and then the soul of Lord John revolted, and he had to give vent to his feelings.

Jane had strolled out of the garden which surrounded the house occupied by herself, Mrs. Winter, and one or two servants, and Mimi had elected to come too, scrambling along in his own peculiar fashion. All had gone well until Lord John evinced a desire to devour his enemy, red coat and all; then Mimi had darted up the tree, leaving his pursuer barking furiously at the foot, assisted by Peter. After a while Lord John had quieted down and retreated to a safe distance, and Jane was left to waste her words and her energy in coaxing Mimi back to her. At last she grew weary and gave way to despair.

"There is nothing to do but to go and find Charles; perhaps he will be more successful than I am," she said to herself, Charles being the groom, and, with the exception of Jane herself, the only person honored by Mimi's affection.

The girl sighed, for it was a good distance back to the house, and the sun was hot; besides, she did not like to leave Mimi, fearing he might come to some harm while she was absent. She paused to give Lord John a further scolding.

"You are a bad, rude, naughty dog!" she said. "I thought you were a gentleman"—this most scathingly; "that was why I gave you a grand name; but you don't deserve your name. Just fancy, barking so furiously at poor Mimi! Of course he had to run away!"

Lord John fidgeted on his haunches, and turned his face towards her with such a comical look of misery and triumph that Jane, in spite of her annoyance, was unable to restrain a burst of soft laughter.

"All the same, I must do something," she thought, and then a brilliant idea occurred to her. "Why not climb up the tree myself? I used to be good at climbing."

She glanced hastily around; no human being was in sight; so, grasping a sturdy low-hanging bough, she swung herself up into the tree with almost as much agility as Mimi had displayed. She had reckoned without her host however; for no sooner had she disappeared from sight than Peter set up a dismal howl, in which Lord John immediately joined, and Mimi, who had been watching his mistress coming towards him, uttered a loud cry and was off to a bough yards above, which Jane could not possibly reach.

"Oh, dear!" she cried in dismay, as she paused to find a seat. "Now what am I to do?"

At this moment the dogs ceased howling and commenced to bark and growl. Jane became conscious that a new one had arrived on the scene. She could hear a man speaking, and his voice was cultivated and extremely pleasant. Bending forward, she looked down.

"Oh, please," she said simply, and yet with some eagerness, "if you could help me I should be so much obliged! My dogs have frightened my little monkey; and it has run up to the top of this tree. I am trying to get it down, but I can't!"

She saw a pair of clear gray eyes glancing upwards. They were not unkindly, and were decidedly handsome.

"Is your monkey tame? Does he know your voice?" inquired the man at the foot of the tree.

"Oh, yes; but I have been calling for ever so long, and I can't get him to come!"

"I don't fancy you will succeed as long as your dogs are here."

"Of course—how silly of me!" cried Jane. "I ought to have thought of that! I will take them home."

"If you will tell me where to take them ——" the man began; but Jane interrupted him.

"Oh, they would not follow you!" she said. "I must come down!"

She began to descend. The young man stepped back and waited, examining the dogs appreciatively. Lord John made friends with him at once, rubbing his nose in the well-shaped brown hand outstretched towards him.

"You don't like monkeys much, I suppose, do you?" said the young man; and then he suddenly paused, for there was the sharp crack of a breaking bough, the sound of a smothered exclamation, a low cry of pain, and then a slender figure in a white frock fell upon the ground with a thud that was not pleasant to hear.

In an instant he was bending over Jane, and he raised her to her feet.

"You are hurt?" he said anxiously, as he saw that the color had vanished from her face and lips.

Jane struggled to recover herself, and even tried to laugh, but the effort was not quite successful.

"How—how silly I am!" she said, and then she glanced down at her right hand and arm. "It hurts me a little. Is it broken?" she asked quite steadily.

The young man looked at her admiringly.

"By Jove, she has pluck, and no mistake!" he thought. Jane's injuries were found to consist of several scratches, a sprained wrist, and some bruises. Without any feeling of awkwardness she allowed herself to be ministered to by the quiet grave-looking young man.

"You ought to have cold water bandages on at once," he said, as he tied his handkerchief tightly about her wrist and arm. "Have you far to go? Do you think you can walk? Will you allow me to assist you?"

"I will sit here and rest a little while; and then I can go quite easily. Thank you very much," murmured Jane. "I thought I was killed at first," she added. She laughed, and, as she did so, a little color came into her cheeks, and her eyes shone.

"What a sweet face!" her companion thought; then he uttered an exclamation of surprise, as Mimi suddenly appeared coming down the tree.

"And, after all, you might have been spared this," he said.

Jane laughed and stretched out her hand to the monkey.

"Oh, Mimi, look what has happened to me!" she cried, as the monkey came sidling up to her. "I believe he is sorry, do you know," she added, raising her beautiful eyes to the young man's face.

She had sat down upon the ground, and was leaning back against a tree, looking very pale and tired.

"You are sure there is nothing more I can do for you?" the young man said gently.

She shook her head and smiled.

"Then I will leave you; you will be better for a little rest."

Jane flushed shyly as he was moving away.

"Your handkerchief," she said—"will you let me know where——"

"It is of no consequence; do not trouble about it; I am only glad it has been of service to you." He took off his hat and bowed, giving a farewell pat to Lord John. "Good-bye! You are a dear nice dog, I am sure. I should rather like to carry you off with me to Australia!" He smiled once again at Jane, and then walked away.

The girl sat still, looking after him until he had turned a corner and was lost to sight.

"He is going to Australia—that is a long way off," she said to herself; and she was conscious of a very faint feeling of regret. The next moment however this was gone, and all she could think of was her aching head, a pain and stiffness in her arm, and a general sense of weariness.

A second or two afterwards Lord John bolted after the young man. It was a most unusual proceeding on his part; for, as a rule, he was most chary of his attentions to strangers. As soon as he was perceived however he was told to go back.

"You are a very nice dog, but you have a very sweet mistress, you know," the young man said, as he stopped to give another pat to the smooth well-marked head; and then, almost unconsciously, his eyes fell upon the inscription on the collar on the dog's neck.

"My name is Lord John; and I am the property of Jane Ludlowe, Carno Court."

A wave of hot color suffused the man's handsome face as he read these words.

"By what strange fate should I meet this girl—and at this very time?" said George Nugent to himself. He paused a moment; then the color died out of his face, and a cold hard stern look came into his eyes. He repulsed the dog now with a rough word, and, turning upon his heel, walked swiftly down the hillside until he reached the village below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE OYSTER.—Perhaps the most curious thing in the natural history of the oyster is its sex. When a female oyster has parted with her season's eggs, she assumes the male sex. How long this metamorphosis lasts and how often it takes place are still unsolved mysteries.

THE WASP.—"Waps" or "wops," for "wasp," is a very interesting word. The Aryan root is wapsa, and the true English form is "wapa." But men who knew Latin better than they did English thought it ought to follow the Latin vespa and therefore transposed the last two letters of the word "waps," and so made it into "wasp."

IN SERVIA.—The marriageable girls of Servia, at the conclusion of their Christmas feasts, gather bones from the dishes, and, when they can do so unobserved, slip out of doors, dedicate a bone to each maiden, and place the bones side by side. The most favored house dog is called to select one of the bones. The maiden to whom this selected bone is dedicated is looked upon as the first to be wedded. The second and third bones chosen by the dog foretell the second and third brides to be led from the homestead.

THE OLDEST.—The Armenians are one of the oldest races in the world. Their country is mentioned by Xenophon and Ezekiel, and in the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria. All the nations that surrounded them have passed away, but they remain," though their country has been harried with fire and sword for centuries. The permanence of the Armenian race has been ascribed to the virtue of their women and the exceptional purity and stability of their family life. Even in their heathen days polygamy was unknown to them. They have been a Christian nation for more than 1500 years, and have undergone perpetual persecution for their faith from the surrounding Oriental people.

ENEMIES TO RAILWAYS.—When railways were first made in England they were opposed by many people for the most absurd reasons. Sir Astley Cooper, a famous doctor in his day, said they would ruin the nobility in a few years by cutting up their estates. The agent of the Duke of Bridgewater kept gamekeepers night and day with instructions to shoot all railway men who trespassed on the Duke's grounds. But the surveyors managed to get the better of the agent. Choosing a moonlight night for the purpose, they caused a number of shots to be fired in a wood. The gamekeepers at once hurried to the spot to catch the suspected poachers, and while they were gone the surveyors examined the land.

PARTRIDGE AND BLACK SNAKE.—While a Pennsylvania farmer was passing through a wood early in the summer, a hen partridge fell fluttering at his feet. Thinking the bird might be blind, he stooped to pick her up, but she could see well enough, for when he was about to grasp her, she flew towards the bushes she had just left. Arrived there she looked back again, and presently ran up to the farmer once more, clucking constantly and with her wings down. As the man walked on a little she flew ahead as if to guide him, always returning when she found he was not moving in the desired direction. By little and little she drew him to a tree, near the root of which he saw a nest full of eggs, and a black snake in the act of swallowing one of them. The cause of the partridge's distress was now clear, and the farmer took up a stick and slew the snake. When she perceived the snake was dead she stopped her noise and hid in the bushes. The farmer then went away, but half an hour later came quietly near enough to the tree to see the partridge contentedly sitting on her nest.

"Let us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer. "Let us not waste our time in dealing with the small saloons and grog shops. Let us go to the fountain head. Let us go to the fountain head. Let us go the brewery, my friends." "All right," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat, "I'm with you."

TO THE DANDELION.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked
with thee:
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in early piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from Heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy
peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, no common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret
show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all the living pages of God's book.

A Dark Design.

BY S. W.

CHAPTER I.

THE stable clock was striking nine as Major Sulgrave shut the side door of the hall of Langley Prior softly behind him and emerged into the open air.

It was a March evening, wild and wintry, with sudden fierce gusts of wind blowing, as it seemed, first from one point of the compass and then from another, and intermittent stinging showers of ice-cold rain. Here and there a few stars shone wanly through the ragged fleeces of cloud that went scurrying across the sky. The noise made by the wind among the trees in the park smote the ear now and again like the rush and roar of a waterfall.

Major Sulgrave was equipped for the weather in a rough homespun ulster, a close-fitting traveling cap, the peak of which was pulled well forward over his eyes.

On quitting the house, instead of keeping to the footpath, which, although it ran at an angle to the graveled carriage drive, led direct to one corner of the park, he made his way across the sodden grass and, as much as possible, in the deeper shadow of the trees, as though wishful to avoid being seen or recognized by any of the servants, or others who might chance to be on their way to or from the Hall at that hour of the night. He had left the lamp alight in the library, where he usually sat after dinner, and had stolen out unknown to any one.

And yet there was no valid reason why he should have quitted the house after so furtive a fashion.

He was his own master and accountable to no one for his comings or goings; but there was that in his nature which inclined him to secrecy and craft in all his dealings with his fellows; it was as much a part of him to act in that way as his scheming brain, his ungovernable temper, and his callous heart, were integral parts of him, and could as little be disassociated from him. If, in order to arrive at a given end, two paths, one straight and the other crooked, were equally open to him, he would, without a moment's hesitation, choose the latter.

On this wild March evening when he comes before the reader, if he had considered the point with himself, it would have seemed to him that there could have been no fitter time than the present for quitting the house unknown to every one, and for stealing through the solitary park as though he were guilty of that in fact of which he was already in intent.

For weeks a certain design had been slowly taking shape in the tortuous recesses of his brain, till now the time seemed right for moving in it—right for seeking the help of the one man in the world, who, as it seemed to him, had been intended by Nature for an accomplice in such a deed as the one he meditated.

A quarter of an hour's sharp walking brought him to the outskirts of Wincaster, a hilly, straggling town of some twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, on the edge of the Peak country.

Making his way down the narrow, old-fashioned, main street, which at that hour and in such weather was almost deserted, Major Sulgrave, with his collar of his ulster turned up so as almost completely to hide his features, came before long to the bridge over the little river Spindle, just beyond which was the house of the man he had come to see.

He noted with a certain degree of satisfaction that a light shone through the drawn blinds of the sitting-room, which might be taken as a pretty good proof that Dr. Penrose was at home.

Opening the garden wicket like one familiar with the latch, the Major traversed the narrow cobble stoned pathway which led to the front door, and lifting the knocker gave what sounded like two slow, cautious knocks—very different from the loud peremptory summons with which he would have announced himself at another time.

Dr. Penrose in person opened the door.

"What! you—Major?" he exclaimed, lifting his shaggy eyebrows in unmistakable surprise as the light from the hall lamp flashed on his visitor. "But don't say a word till you have come inside and stripped off your wet things. I was afraid when I heard your knock that it was a summons from one of my patients, and I can assure you that I felt no desire to quit my own fireside on a night like this."

It may here be remarked that the acquaintance between the two men had its origin in an accident which had befallen Major Sulgrave about three months before the date with which we are now concerned. His horse had stumbled, and thrown him; he had been picked up insensible, and carried into Dr. Penrose's surgery close by.

The accident had proved to be sufficiently serious to keep the Major a prisoner to the house for some weeks, during which he and Penrose had naturally seen a good deal of each other, and to what purpose, so far, at least, as the Major was concerned, we shall presently learn.

As the doctor waits in the lighted hall while his visitor relieves himself of his outer wraps, we will endeavor to sketch his portrait with a few light touches.

Although only about thirty years of age, Matthew Penrose looked, at least, a dozen years older. He was very tall and very lean, his face was long and thin, his nose hooked and prominent, his cheeks sunken and sallow, and his deep-set eyes so clear, and keenly searching, as to cause many people, both among his patients and others, to fidget and feel uncomfortable whenever they bent full upon them.

He was certainly far from being an attractive-looking man, and it only needed that he should let his hair, which at all times had an unkempt and uncared-for look, grow a foot longer than it was, and clothe himself in a flame-colored robe, to body forth the common conception of a wizard or astrologer of the Middle Ages. To this must be added, that he was abrupt in manner and speech, and indifferent to the point of slovenliness about his dress, so that there was little to wonder at in the fact that, although he had now been in practice at Wincaster for five years, he had made scarcely any headway. Of patients he had no lack, but they were of a kind which bring a man neither fame nor fortune.

In fine, Dr. Penrose was very poor, very ambitious, and very clever, although the latter was a fact which the good people of Wincaster had hitherto failed to recognize.

When the Major had doffed his sodden garments, it might have been seen that he was verging on his fortieth birthday, but he was still as thin, and nearly as active-looking as he had been when a score years younger.

By most people he would have been accounted a fairly handsome man. There was a good deal of military smartness about him, with, it may be, more than a suspicion of military swagger. He had dark close-cropped hair, which was already streaked with gray, and small side-whiskers to match.

He had a long straight nose, with expanded nostrils, and a heavy jaw. There was a split in his upper lip, the result of an accident in early life, which his thick moustache could not wholly hide.

His small steel-blue eyes had a watchful, coldly calculating expression; but he had a trick, when he chose to exercise it, which, to give him his due, was but seldom: of infusing them with a sort of half-humorous, half-cynical twinkle, which, taken in conjunction with a mellow laugh, and an air of almost too transparent bonhomie, deceived many people into setting him down as being one of the easy-going, generous-hearted men who have the reputation of being nobody's enemy but their own. Never did such shallow readers of character make a greater mistake.

"Nothing wrong at the Hall, I hope?" remarked Penrose tentatively as he led the way into his cosy sitting-room.

"No, no—nothing of that kind has brought me here on a night like this," answered the other with a touch of petulance. "The fact is, I've mewed myself up in that mouldy dungeon of a house, till I've got a fit of the blues. It's a sort of life I've not been used to. To-night I felt that I could stand it no longer, that I must either seek out somebody to talk to, or else try the effect of a dose of chloral, which (as I gave you my word, I would not) I have not touched since my accident. And so, here I am."

By this time he was rubbing his chilled hands over the fire.

"And very glad I am that you have come," replied the doctor as he wheeled up a capacious easy-chair opposite his own; "for I too was beginning to feel as dull as ditch-water when you knocked; but having no desire to fall into a state of dumps, I was about to mix myself an antidote in the shape of a glass of toddy. You are just in time to join me, Major. The kettle is on the point of boiling. It won't be either the first or second time that I've prescribed the same medicine for you."

The other did not reply. To all appearance he had fallen into a brown study, as he sat with his hands resting on his knees, staring intently into the fire. Penrose said no more, but having procured a second tumbler from the sideboard, he proceeded to mix two steaming jorums of grog.

That done, he pushed a box of cigars towards his visitor, and having slowly charged a big meerschaum with tobacco, he lighted it and sat down facing the Major. He felt convinced in his own mind that the other's visit had some purpose at the back of it the nature of which he had yet to learn.

Now and again he glanced at him out of a corner of his eye, but for some minutes the silence remained unbroken save by a few sputtering drops of rain driven down the wide-mouthed chimney, or by the muttered threatenings of the gale outside, which at times seemed to become almost articulate and then died away again to a troubled whisper.

"Your toddy is getting cold, Major, and losing both strength and bouquet," said the doctor at length. "To my thinking, half-cold grog is but a mawkish kind of tipple."

Thus appealed to, Sulgrave roused himself, or seemed to do so.

For a few moments his eyes rested on the doctor with an expression in them such as the other was utterly at a loss to comprehend, after which he took a long pull at his tumbler and proceeded to light a cigar. Then, with his eyes again bent on the fire, he presently spoke.

"Penrose," he began, "have you any recollection of a certain talk you and I had one day in which you told me how addicted you are to toxicological studies, and favored me with the details of a number of experiments on the actions of poisons, both mineral and vegetable, which you have conducted from time to time."

"I have not forgotten the occasion you speak of," answered the doctor.

"Supposing, now—merely to put a case, you know—that there was some one whom you were desirous of getting rid of, you would, I assume, experience no insuperable difficulty, providing you had access to the person in question and, more especially, if you were acting as his medical attendant, in carrying out your design in such a way that it would be next to an impossibility for it ever to be brought home to you?"

"Very little difficulty indeed," Penrose responded drily.

The Major emptied his glass in silence, whereupon his host proceed to refill it as before.

"Penrose, my position is a somewhat peculiar one," resumed Sulgrave presently, without any reference to what had gone before, and again without looking his host in the face. "When my brother died some months ago he left me, as you are doubtless aware, sole guardian to his only child, a delicate, ailing girl three years old. Till she comes of age I am allowed a thousand a year out of the estate, which sum includes the cost of her maintenance and education. Eveline then, of course, comes in for everything, barring a paltry five hundred a year which is settled on me for life."

"But supposing the young lady should not live to see her twenty first birthday, what then?"

"In that case I come in for everything. I become the Master of Langley Prior with an income of eight thousand a year."

"Only one ailing child between you and such a fortune! You were quite right in characterizing your position as a peculiar one."

The Major's eyes turned and met those of the doctor. For a full minute the two men sat and looked at each other without speaking.

"You say that the child is delicate. Where is she at the present time?" It was Penrose who spoke.

"At Rouen, in charge of my life; in which hole I have been vegetating for the last three years—or rather, I had been up to the date of Guy's death."

"At Rouen. Hum! An inland French town and, like most such places, not over healthy, I make no doubt," murmured the doctor as he scratched his chin reflectively with one of his long pointed nails. "Don't you think, now, that her native air—she was born in England, was she not?—might benefit her health, more especially if it could be combined with the ozone of the sea-side?"

"What rigmarole have you got hold of now? Hang me if I see the connection!" growled Sulgrave, turning upon him with an evil glitter in his frosty blue eyes.

Penrose smiled faintly. "You are doubtless acquainted by name, at least, with Scriven Bay, an obscure watering-place about two and a half miles from here?"

The other nodded in sullen fashion.

"Well, as it happens, I have an unmarried sister who keeps a small boarding-house there, which at this time of year is always empty of visitors. Such being the case, what could be easier than for you to bring your niece to England and arrange for her to stay a month or two at the Bay—for the benefit of her health?"

Here he leaned over the table so as to bring his face closer to the Major's, his deep-set eyes gleaming from under his shaggy brows like two keen points of flame.

"My sister would be only too glad to accommodate the little lady, and if, after a time, her health, instead of improving, should deteriorate, and if, in spite of Drusilla's care and my medicines—for of course you would appoint me to attend her—she should gradually fade out of existence, what possible blame could attach to any one? She would have died from causes which no human skill could have controlled, or would have seemed to do so, and the next heir—meaning yourself—would step quietly into possession, while the world, after wagging its head and murmuring, 'Poor child, what a pity she died so young!' would hasten to congratulate the new Master of Langley Prior. But you don't drink, Major Sulgrave, you don't do justice to my brew," he added, as he finished his own glass at a gulp, and smacked his lips appreciatively.

The Major sank back in his chair with blanched lips and apprehensive eyes. His intention had been to feel his way with Penrose, to sound him, to touch on the subject tentatively, and then to leave it a while to ferment in the other's mind. But the doctor, with a cold-blooded cynicism which fairly took his visitor's breath away, had leaped at a bound to the conclusion which the Major had only thought to reach slowly and by degrees. And yet, how bold, how simple, how comprehensive, and, above all, how safe seemed the scheme which a few sentences had sufficed him to propound! Doubtless the doctor, who was a poor man, would want his quid pro quo; men do not proffer their aid in such schemes for nothing, and the question was at what price he would rate his services, always, of course, supposing that he, the Major, should decide upon calling them into requisition.

It was not till an hour and a half later that Major Sulgrave faced the wind and rain on his way home, by which time the two confederates had arrived at a thorough agreement, and had worked out the various details of their scheme so that it should form a coherent whole without one weak link in it, as it seemed to them, on which suspicion could possibly fasten.

CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT later little Eveline Sulgrave, a pretty, delicate-looking child, reached England in charge of her uncle and a French bonne, and after a stay of a couple of days at the Hall, was given into charge of Miss Penrose, a lady some years her brother's senior, but very like him both in appearance and manner, and was by her carried off to Scriven Bay, the bonne being sent back home. Her uncle bade the child a hurried farewell, and heaved a great sigh of relief as he watched the brougham which was taking her away drive down the avenue. He had really seen for the last time, and through his own act, the child whom his dead brother had confided so trustingly to his care? He gave himself a savage shake when the question put itself to him—it was his way of admonishing his conscience—and rang for brandy.

The first act of the drama has passed off with a hitch, why should not the second succeed equally well?

A month passed, and the child's health seemed to improve from day to day. Then a change set in, and she began to fade and to lose her strength by slow and almost imperceptible degrees. Miss Penrose naturally called in the services of her brother, who drove over every day from Wincaster in a hired fly to see his youthful patient. Then, after a time, a letter was written to the Major abroad, apprising him of his neice's illness, a letter such as might be seen by any one. In answer to it he wrote that it would be very inconvenient for him to visit England just then, but that, should his neice become any worse, as to which he was to be kept informed from day to day, he would not fail to do so. A week later found him at Langley Prior in obedience to a summons from Dr. Penrose. Miss Sulgrave was much worse, and her life could not be depended on from hour to hour. The Major arrived late at night, his intention being to drive over to Scriven Bay in the course of the following forenoon; but while at breakfast a message reached him from Penrose informing him that all was over, and that his niece had passed quietly away in the course of the night.

He pushed his breakfast aside and shut himself in his room, pending the doctor's arrival.

"You must come and see her, if it be only for a moment," said the latter to the Major when he reached the Hall. "People call you unfeeling and I don't know what else, if you fail to do so. Besides, I want you to assure yourself with your own eyes, that she is really dead, and that I am not endeavoring to cozen you out of your money, by stating what is not the fact."

It was with very reluctant footsteps that Harold Sulgrave climbed the stairs which led to the chamber in which lay all that was mortal of the child whose death he and his accomplice had so ruthlessly compassed. Miss Penrose having ushered him into the room, removed the cambric handkerchief which had been spread over the face of the child, and then left him.

One quaking glance sufficed for the Major. There was the sweet face which, do what he might, would not fail to haunt his memory as long as he lived, with death's ineffaceable seal stamped upon it, set in a framework of short golden curls, which to his eyes looked like an aureola. He turned away with a shudder, feeling more sick at heart than he had ever felt before, and made his way down-stairs and out of the house, without a word to any one.

More than once, later on, he could not help asking himself, whether that tall, angular, impassive-looking Miss Penrose had been an accessory, equally with her brother, in the tragedy on which the curtain had recently fallen, or whether she had merely been an unwitting instrument in the hands of a will more unscrupulous than her own. But it was a point as to which he did not care to ask Penrose to enlighten him.

A few days later there was a quiet funeral from Langley Prior. The remains of Eveline Sulgrave, aged three years and nine months, were laid beside those of her parents, in a vault in the little old church, just outside the precincts of the park, where generation after generation of the family at the Hall have found their last resting-place.

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed on, and Major Sulgrave succeeded in due course to the estate of Langley Prior, together with certain other property which, now that his brother's only child was dead, devolved upon him as the heir-at-law.

Before long, he proceeded to take up his residence at Langley Prior, bring with him his only son, a youth about eight years old, but leaving behind on the Continent, his wife and his stepson; for Mrs. Sulgrave had been a widow of means, when the Major persuaded her into uniting her fortunes with his, a step which she had soon found cause to regret. The marriage had proved a most unhappy one; so much so, that when the Major, after his change of fortune, announced his intention of living in England for the future, the unhappy victim of his tyranny plucked up heart of grace, and refused to accompany him. It may have been that he himself was by no means averse to the separation; in any case as far was known, he raised no positive objection to it; but none the less was he careful to aim a last and most cruel blow at his wife, by taking young Guy away with him, and thereafter prohibiting communication of any kind between mother and son.

Thus it fell out, that neither Mrs. Sulgrave nor the Major's stepson was ever seen at Langley Prior, but although their names were never mentioned in the Major's hearing, the existence of both was a fact well-known to the people of Wincaster and its neighborhood.

When the separation had lasted seven years, Mrs. Sulgrave died, a notification of her demise appearing in due course in the Times and other newspapers.

Although the Major had by no means the most immaculate of reputations, and was universally suspected of being both a bully and a tyrant, the golden fact that he was worth eight thousand a year, was one which could not be gainsaid; in addition to which he was still passably handsome and scarcely passed the prime of life. Innumerable, therefore, were the surmises and speculations indulged in by the quid nuncs, spinsters, and mothers with marriageable daughters, as to whether the Master of Langley Prior would, or would not tempt fortune again in the matrimonial lottery. But time went on, and the person most concerned made no sign.

Then, when five or six years had gone by, it became bruited abroad that Guy, the son and heir, had become engaged to Lady Mary Langmere, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Letchford. In securing Lady Mary, who was both a beauty and heiress, the county ungrudgingly recognized the fact that the Major and his son had played their cards in a way which reflected the highest credit on both of them.

But enough for the present of one whose life held a secret which would have caused his own son, had it been whispered in his ear, to shrink from him in loathing and horror. There are others who now claim our attention.

Within four months of the death of the heiress of Langley Prior, Dr. Penrose announced to all whom it concerned, that in consequence of a certain legacy (amount not stated) having accrued to him through the death of a relative, he had decided on quitting Wincaster, and buying a practice in the metropolis.

To London, accordingly, he shortly afterwards removed, his sister having previously left Scriven Bay, and gone nobody seemed to know where. Of the doctor, tidings reached one or other of his old patients from time to time. He was known to be a rising man, one who, by dint of sheer talent and indomitable energy, was slowly but surely forcing his way to the front. As years went on, he began to be spoken of as a specialist of growing reputation in connection with certain obscure forms of brain disease.

In the morning-room of a small but pleasant villa, known as Elderbank, and situated on the outskirts of a little out-of-the-world Westcountry town, sat two people in deep, but somewhat troubled converse.

They were Dr. Penrose and his sister, who, except that their faces showed a few more lines and creases than of old, and that their hair bore unmistakable traces of the passage of time, looked otherwise hardly at all changed. It may be that the doctor's thin, keen, vulturine features and deep-set eyes gave him a closer likeness to some gaunt and hungry bird of prey, than had been noticeable in his younger days; but that, perhaps, was no more than might be looked for in a man of such marked physiognomy.

"It's a pity, a very great pity, and I'm more annoyed than I care to confess!" exclaimed the doctor, in a tone of extreme vexation.

"If I had only known a year ago what you have told me to-day, if you had only confided to me the least inkling of your intentions and wishes," answered his sister, deprecatingly. "But you never said a word."

"It seemed to me altogether unnecessary to do so till the proper time should have arrived. Your own sense, Drusilla, ought to have told you that my object in establishing you and the girl in this remote place was to keep her from running any such danger as the one into which you have allowed her to walk blindfold, without, as far as I can understand, making a single effort to save her from the consequences of her folly, or, perhaps, I ought rather to say her ignorance."

"As I have already told you, Matthew, the mischief was done before I was aware of it. After the way the young man behaved on the occasion of the railway accident a month ago (it was entirely due to his efforts that we were rescued as soon as we were from the wrecked carriages), it was only natural that he should call next day to inquire about us. He called again a few days later; after which I saw nothing more of him till the day before yesterday, when he sent in his card and five minutes later startled me as I have seldom been startled by asking my permission to pay his addresses to Evie."

"Like his imprudence! They met in the interim as a matter of course."

"Evie has since confessed as much to me, but I had not the slightest suspicion of anything of the kind."

"A pretty sort of duenna you make! A wandering artist, too, a fellow sprung from nobody knows where, and who has probably not a five-pound note in the world to call his own! Oh, Drusilla, Drusilla!"

"If I had only known! But you have never told me anything," she said again, this time with tears in her eyes. "You have always treated me as the mere nonentity you doubtless consider me to be in your thoughts."

To this her brother's only rejoinder was an impatient "Pish!"

"Besides," resumed Miss Penrose presently, "Mr. Gilmour is by no means as poor a man as you would make him out to be. He confided to me that his last year's income was something over four hundred pounds, and that this year he has reason to believe it will not be less than six hundred."

"Six or twice six, it's all one as far as he is concerned. You referred the fellow to me?"

"I did. I told him that you would be here to-morrow (your letter having led me to believe you would not arrive till then), as also that I have no voice in the matter one way or another."

"And it is your opinion that the girl is fond of him?"

"I am sure of it; and no wonder, for Basil Gilmour is really a very attractive young man, and a thorough gentleman. You must remember, Matthew, that Evie is not like a girl who has mixed much in society, or has had opportunities of comparing one man with another. Having chosen to bury her in a place like this, you can hardly be surprised if she loses her heart to the first agreeable stranger whose acquaintance she makes, more especially when their first meeting takes place under circumstances so uncommon as marked that of Evie and Mr. Gilmour."

"Humph! There may be just a grain of sense in what you say, Drusilla. Still, I hope it's not too late to nip this folly in the bud. As for waiting here till to-morrow with no other object in view than telling Mr. Basil Gilmour a bit of mind, that is quite out of the question. As I have already told you, the train by which I have settled that we shall travel leaves here about three hours from now. So while you are getting on with whatever packing you may have to do, I will write Gilmour a note, which will be a much more satisfactory way than the other of giving him his quietus; after which I'll have a quiet talk with Evie, which will, I fancy, cause her to open her eyes to their widest extent. Ah! here she comes up the garden path. Bless me! how bright and healthy the girl looks, and monstrously handsome into the bargain, if an old bachelor may be allowed an opinion on such a matter."

The letter Dr. Penrose proceeded to write to the young painter ran as follows:

"Sir,—Having been given to understand that, presuming on a certain service which you were fortunate enough to be in a position to render my sister, Miss Penrose, and my niece, Miss Eveline Penrose (for which their united thanks would, by most men, have been deemed an ample return), you have induced the latter on more than once occasion to meet you without the sanction or cognizance of her aunt, and further have so far succeeded in working upon her simplicity and ignorance of the world as to persuade her into consenting to your asking permission to become a suitor for her hand—I beg to inform you that the young lady in question will, in the course of a few months, come into a very considerable fortune, and that her friends have very different views with regard to her future from any which can possibly connect themselves with you.

"I trust, therefore: unless you are desirous that my niece's friends and natural guardians should set you down as a mere fortune-hunter, as a man actuated by no motives beyond those of the most mercenary kind: that your good sense will convince you that all relations between yourself and her must cease from this date wholly and for ever.

"It will be quite useless your making any attempt to seek an interview with my niece, as she and her aunt leave here (in my charge) by this evening's train.

"I am sir,

"Your obedient servent,

"MATTHEW PENROSE."

Evie had been into the town to change her book at the library. It were not wise, perhaps, to inquire too curiously whether it was by accident or design that, as she turned her steps homeward, she and Basil Gilmour met face to face. It is enough to state that they did meet, and that Basil, having first possessed himself of her book, turned to go the way that she was going.

"One of the greatest nuisances of living in a little place like Trewella," said Evie, with a saucy glance at her companion, "is that one continually meets the same people whether one wants to or no—more especially when one doesn't want to."

"My dear Evie, happily for me I am one of those obtuse people who can never take a hint as applying to themselves," retort d Basil; "consequently all your thinly-veiled sarcasm is thrown away as far as I am concerned."

Evie heaved a sigh.

"Yes; I ought to have remembered that it's no use trying to hurt a pachyderm with a pea-shooter."

To this Basil's only reply was a smile.

"Do you know," he said presently, "I really feel quite nervous at the thought of having to plead my cause before that formidable uncle of yours."

Evie's face clouded.

"I firmly believe there is no kinder-hearted man breathing than Uncle Matthew," she said; "but for all that, he has a very sharp tongue and he can be very severe when he thinks the occasion justifies his being so. You may well feel nervous. I tremble to think what he will say to you as soon as he understands the nature of your errand. That he will put you down as being, and will call you to your face, one of the most audacious young men it has ever been his lot to encounter, I do not for a moment doubt. And, so far, he will be quite right, for, as I have more than once told you, your audacity is one of your most marked characteristics. But it is not too late to draw back; indeed, I should strongly advise you to do so. We have both been foolish; we have both—— Pray, sir, may I ask what you find to laugh at?"

She put the question with a fine assumption of indignation, which, however, did not deceive her lover.

"I am laughing at your simplicity in imagining, or pretending to imagine, that this terrible uncle of yours, or, for the matter of that, twenty such as he, would suffice to deter me from saying what I have made up my mind to say."

"Did I not remark that your audacity was one of your most pronounced traits? One thing is certain: the more I think about the affair, the more sure I feel that he will refuse in the most positive manner to allow you and me to see any more of each other."

"In any case, we shall have paid the old boy the compliment of asking him. Afterwards, if, as you say, he should prove to be like one of the obdurate uncles in Old Comedy, why, in that case——"

"Yes, in that case?" echoed Evie, as if to fill up her lover's pause.

"I shall have a certain proposition to make to you, but is is one that I will say no more about till after my interview with Uncle Matthew to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONDIMENTS.—Sir William Roberts, in a recent lecture, divides our articles of diet into those which are needed for the due support of the body, and those which have a direct effect on the functions of the brain and nervous system. The latter articles are illustrated, he tells us, by tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco. They are what one may call the "condiments" of life, just as the addenda of spices are the condiments of the pudding.

Why we should use condiments at all is a question to which it seems, at first sight, no answer is possible.

It may be urged that the use of condiments is simply a habit, and nothing more; but then habits must owe their origin to a definite cause, and that cause must in its turn bear a relation to the life and wants of the creatures who practice them.

Why, it may be asked, should one take a piece of cheese—the "higher" the better, of course—after a full meal, or why is it that we flavor our viands with sauce this or sauce that? Science has an answer ready—Because the pickles, condiments, and cheese are all so many substances which tend to favor a flow of the digestive secretions. They stimulate digestion, in other words, because they cause an increased secretion of the saliva and of gastric juice wherewith our foods are part digested. Again, they are agreeable to the palate, and the mental influence which is thus shed on the assimilation of food is of no mean value in determining that good digestion which should "wait on appetite."

SIMPSON: "I wonder what kind of line it is that Buckins uses when he goes fishing. It always breaks just as he is landing the 'biggest fish you ever saw.'" Sniffer: "It's nothing but 'yarn.'"

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY F. A. D.

Bubbling, oozing, long-delaying,
By its mother fountain straying,
In amongst the reedlets playing,
Springs the stream of life.

Down a gentle fall now leaping,
Passing fields, and hamlets sleeping,
Swelling ever, onward creeping,
Seaward moves the stream.

Whirling, foaming, darting, lashing,
Pushing, rushing, heaving, crashing,
On the rocks for ever dashing,
Faster runs the tide.

Some waves over, some waves under,
Rending other waves asunder,
With a roaring as of thunder,
Headlong falls the stream.

HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE."

ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

THE time came when the brilliant surgeon—whose name was a household word, whose skill was reputed so great that people came from far and wide to benefit by it—sank slowly but surely to the lowest depths of degradation and shame. The once brilliant operator, successful and revered, became an utter wreck; his hand had failed him in performing an operation of so trifling a nature that it might have been entrusted to any surgeon; but the patient died, and there were not a few in his own profession who whispered among themselves that Philip Gordon was not only a sot but a murderer.

Indeed, the father and daughter had scarcely a friend left when ruin overtook them, and Philippa was almost too much stunned to realise at first all they had lost. But this stupor did not last long. Soon enough the girl awoke to the keen anguish of her position, and then she dared not give way.

All her strength and energy were needed to support her father in the agony of self-reproach into which he fell, and which seemed to promise at least an amendment, if not a cessation, of the terrible self-indulgence which had brought him to this shame and degradation.

With the hope of this to buoy her up the girl had been brave and bright; but the expectation was only a short lived one. Life in a squalid East end lodging was too terrible a punishment to a man accustomed to every luxury and refinement not to force him to seek temporary unconsciousness of his surroundings in every possible way, and there had been times when it had seemed to the unhappy girl that Heaven itself had forsaken her.

Phil was only twenty-two years old then; but one morning, brushing out her pretty chestnut hair, she had found some silver threads among its soft waves. They did seem out of keeping, she thought, with the haggard anxious face which looked at her from out the little lodging-house mirror.

Months had grown into years in this miserable existence. The failure and disappearance of the distinguished physician and surgeon had long been forgotten. One or two of Phil's partners remembered her, sometimes thinking, with a little sentimental regret, of the girl who had been so bright and pretty, and who waltzed so perfectly. But, to the world generally, Phil and her father were virtually dead.

The square of dainty satin fell from the girl's fingers as her thoughts wandered back to those bitter days. The fire had dwindled down into a little heap of glowing embers, and the stillness within and without was unbroken. Phil felt depressed. She rose, and, going to the door of the cottage, opened it and looked out into the street.

It was very dark and miserable, but the rain had ceased and the wind had fallen. She looked down the hill towards the little town. All was quiet, and, with a shudder, she closed and barred the door, and, going back to the lamp lit room, sank down upon her knees by the hearth and held her hands out to the warmth of the dying fire.

As she knelt there, she wondered vaguely why the past should have come back to her so vividly to-night. Was it because the young man and the pretty yellow-haired girl in velvet and fur had recalled her old life to her? Could the sight of their happiness and prosperity have made her envious? She was happy and content, she told herself, as she glanced around the pretty room, mentally contrasting it with that East-end lodging which she had so vainly endeavored to alter.

They were poor truly, but they had no debts, and their lives were not undignified or useless.

They had been six months at Treverton, and during that time her father had been safe. He was occupying himself again, if somewhat fitfully, with a work on a surgical question, concerning which he had been an authority, and, except for an occasional fit of depression, he did not seem unhappy.

She ought to be very thankful, the girl told herself, as she crouched in the silent room. She was very grateful, and, in proof of her happiness and gratitude, she burst into a very passion of tears, sobbing like a broken-hearted child.

CHAPTER III.

THE little daughter of the Treverton station-master was one of Phil's pupils, and the child made her schoolfellows' eyes widen with surprise on the day of the "breaking up" by her description of the great people who had arrived on the previous day and filled the quiet little station with noise and bustle. The Hall carriages—even the big omnibus which was so seldom used—had all been greatly in evidence, going to the station to meet the Squire's guests.

The school broke up early, and the children, dropping their curtseys and uttering their shy smiling "Merry Christmas, teacher!" went away, leaving Phil alone in the quiet schoolroom. She had three weeks' holiday, and the thought of rest was delightful. But she was thinking less of this than of her pupil's descriptions which she had chanced to overhear.

It would be a typical Christmas at the Hall, she thought, as she put away the exercise books and closed her own desk. The spacious beautiful rooms of which she had heard so much would be full of happy faces; blazing fires would be burning; there would be flowers in all the rooms, and the sound of musical voices and laughter. Sibyl Mavor would be queen of the revels, tasting in anticipation the pleasure of being hostess in the stately home which was one day to be hers.

Phil had seen the Hall only once, but she had been charmed with its architectural beauty and the magnificent grounds. They would be looking romantic now in their snow-clad beauty, for there had been a downfall during the night.

She could not help remembering that at one period of her existence she had been a Christmas guest in one of England's stately homes, and how thoroughly she had enjoyed it. They had had a dance and tableaux, and there had been festivities for the tenants and the household, in which she and the other guests had done their best to make themselves agreeable.

Phil recollected with a little pang that the village schoolmistress had been one of the guests at the tenants' ball—a bright pretty girl in a high cashmere gown, and Phil's hostess had told her the schoolmistress was engaged to the head-gardener on the estate, from which it was evident that the engagement had been regarded as a piece of good fortune for the young teacher.

Would there be a tenants' ball at the Hall? Phil wondered; and would the Treverton schoolmistress be invited?

A peal of bitter laughter broke from the girl's lips, which startled her as it rang in the stillness of the schoolroom. With a nervous gesture she put her hands up to her mouth, pressing them to her lips. What had come to her during the last few days that her heart was so full of bitterness? She was almost afraid of her own thoughts.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow lay thickly on the little path leading to her cottage, and Phil heard it crunching beneath her boots as she walked along.

Her little handmaiden had fastened a great bunch of red-berried holly in the narrow passage, as her master had forbidden it in the sitting-room, she told her mistress mournfully. Then, brightening up, she breathlessly informed Miss Gordon that ever so many things had come.

Phil flushed and paled, for she was in that sensitive highly-strung mood when even the kindliest act makes one feel a pang, and she did not utter a word as she looked at the Christmas presents which the little servant had so proudly spread out upon the kitchen table.

There was a hamper containing a turkey poult and some dairy delicacies from one of her pupils' mothers, a prosperous farmer's wife; a big home-baked cake and a large pot of cream from another; a brace of golden-plumaged pheasants, some partridges, and a basket of superb hot-house grapes from the Squire.

Phil turned away silently and entered the little sitting-room, forcing a smile to her lips.

"Have you been looking at the profusion in your larder?" her father inquired, looking up from his writing. "It is just like old times, Phil!"

It was true enough, the girl acknowledged, that in the old days Christmas had brought many such offerings, and those gifts had not failed. But times were changed, although Phil was angry with herself for feeling it was so.

Doctor Gordon turned from the writing-table, stretching his long arms with a gesture of weariness. He was looking bright and seemed in very good spirits.

"I have done a good morning's work," he observed, "and feel entitled to a rest. What do you say to a walk this afternoon, Phil?"

"It is very tempting," the girl answered regretfully; "but I have to be at the church this afternoon. Mr. Heywood wants a repetition of the carols."

"That's a pity. Well, we must defer it until to-morrow," he said. "Yet I have earned the indulgence to-day! Twenty-four pages, Phil! And good work."

He was almost merry over their simple luncheon. The clear frosty air was quite exhilarating, he declared, and ought to give one an appetite; but he ate very little, declaring that he would be in better trim for dinner, and would start for his walk when he had seen her on her way to the church.

He stood at the little gate and watched the graceful figure of his daughter walk swiftly down the hill. Phil turned, waved her hand, and went her way. She did not see the horribly eager anxious look which came over her father's face as she disappeared.

He hurried into the cottage and, with uncertain feverish movements, put on his overcoat. Once he hesitated, but the hesitation was only transient, and a minute later he had left the cottage and was walking rapidly over the crisp snow.

When Phil entered the church, she found it in the hands of a large party of willing decorators. The chancel was finished, the schoomaster having entreated that it should be completed first, to enable the choir to begin their practice, the boys composing which were a little sulky at being deprived of the expected half-holiday.

Lady Marcia's carriage was waiting outside, and her ladyship passed Phil in the porch. She gave her a chill little smile and inclination of her head and went out, leaving the schoolmistress with a vague impression of rich furs and some sweet faint perfume.

Phil heard the carriage drive away as she passed up one of the side aisles to the chancel. She went straight to her place at the organ and began to get out her music. But the full choir was not yet assembled, and, as the organist's seat commanded a view of the nave, Phil found her eyes wandering to the busy groups scattered about the church.

A few faces were familiar to her. Doctor Macmillian's young wife was adorning the front; the lawyer's pretty daughters were making garlands and looking delighted at the attentions of two or three young men, whose faultlessly-cut coats seemed to say they belonged to the Hall party.

Phil saw Miss Mavor's golden hair gleaming in the centre of a group of daintily dressed girls, with more irreproachably-dressed young men, near whom the kindly Rector stood talking to Richard Forsyth, whose dark head rose above most of those present.

The choir-boys had assembled at last, and the practice began. As the first notes of the organ rose, Dick started slightly and glanced towards the organist. He could see nothing but the back of a chestnut head, crowned with a little coarse straw bonnet.

He had not seen Phil come in, and was angry with himself for having missed a greeting. The young man was feeling moody and dissatisfied, and it required an effort on his part to perform his duties as host, and be heartily wished his guests anywhere but spending the Christmas holidays at Treverton Hall.

Just now however they were making themselves useful in decorating the church and flirting with the doctor's pretty wife and the lawyer's prettier daughters.

Mr. Venn's curate was in great demand, and Sibyl was flitting about in a charming gown of red serge, pouting a little because her cousin would not assist in the work in hand, which she called decorating, but Dick termed spoiling the beautiful old church. Sibyl was surrounded however by her own little Court, and was not, on the whole, very much displeased at showing the Squire how much she was admired.

The choir-practice did not interfere much with the decorations. The children's voices were sweet, clear, and well-trained, and the Christmas hymns were well rendered. There had not, after all, been much need to deprive the children of their holiday.

But Mr. Heywood, who was choirmaster as well as schoolmaster, was extremely exacting. Treverton choir was well known, and the Christmas services would no doubt be well attended; so nothing must be left imperfect.

Thus it chanced that, by the time Phil was free, the decorating party had all repaired to the Rectory for tea, and the schoolmistress took her departure without having had to encounter any of them.

It was nearly six o'clock, and Phil hurried homeward, with a hasty thought for her father's afternoon tea. The lamps were all lighted, and the shop windows were brilliant with gas and full of seasonable dainties. The schoolmistress had to call at the principal bookseller's for a book she had ordered for her father's acceptance—a beautiful copy of a new addition of a work which he had seen at the Rectory and had admired greatly. The girl's fair face was all flushed and eager at the thought of his pleasure as she took the brown-paper parcel from the smiling tradesman and exchanged Christmas civilities.

Then she passed quickly out of the lighted shop down the High Street, which was full of busy pedestrains going in and out of the shops to make their Chistmas purchases. One or two smiled and nodded at the young schoolmistress as she hastened on, holding the little parcel close and tight. In their happier days no Christmas present she had purchased for her father out of her lavish allowance had given her such pleasure as this which she had earned the money to buy.

She was at the top of the High Street now, where the shops were fewer and street-lamps more infrequent; then these ceased altogether, and she was climbing the hill on which the girls' schoolhouse had been built. Very soon she would be at home.

The church bells were ringing with a joyful peal, sounding clearly and musically on the frosty air. They would have a happy Christmas—her father and she—in their cosy little home. The latticed windows were bright with fire and lamplight, shining warmly through the lowered blinds; and Phil's eyes brightened too as she opened the door and stepped into the little passage, smiling as she saw the big bunch of holly hanging from the white-washed ceiling.

The schoolmistress went upstairs with her parcel and took off her bonnet and cloak. The cold frosty air had brightened the faded roses in her cheeks. She looked happy and girlish again as she ran downstairs and opened the sitting-room door. The fire was burning brightly, the hearth was swept, the lamp stood on the little table, and the firelight shone upon the old silver teapot and the two little china cups; but the great chair by the hearth was empty, for her father was not there.

Phil turned suddenly cold; for a moment she was incapable of movement, almost of thought; then, with a quick step, she crossed the room and opened the door leading into the kitchen, where the little maid of all-work was sitting knitting by the light of the fire.

"Is your master in, Peggy?" Phil asked, with lips which had lost all their color.

"No, ma'am," was the girl's reply.

"Has he been out long?"

"Yes, ma'am; he went out just after you did."

The heavy throbbing of the girl's heart lessened a little as she remembered that he had announced his intention of going for a long walk. She turned slowly, and, going back to the sitting-room, sank down in her father's chair. All her pleasant little excitement had faded, and Phil grew very pale, cold, and still as she waited.

Minutes passed, and grew slowly and heavily into half an hour; then thirty minutes more crept by, and the clock struck the half-hour after seven. When Phil heard it she rose to her feet, but staggered and caught at the mantel-shelf for support.

But her weakness was only momentary—she dared not let it conquer her. Faint as she was, she made her way out of the

room and up to her own. She drained a glass of ice-cold water which she poured out, and caught up her bonnet and cloak, putting them on with trembling fingers as she ran downstairs again.

"I am going to meet my father," she called out to Peggy, as she ran out into the darkness of the winter night.

She was half-way down the hill, running wildly towards the town, when she remembered that she did not know where to seek for him. If he had gone for a walk, it would be from the other direction he would come. She stood still considering for a few moments, then, with a great sob in her throat, she went towards the town; but it seemed forced upon her mind that he had not gone for a walk.

When she reached the "Forsyth Arms" she turned so deadly faint that she had to lean against the wall to prevent herself from falling. The inn, the principal hostelry in the little town, was lighted up; the red blinds were drawn, and there were sounds of merriment and laughter coming from within.

Phil went in, and, with white lips but quite calmly, asked the buxom landlady who sat in the bar if her father was there. Mrs. Raggles, who recognized the young schoolmistress, gave her a friendly smile.

"He's not here now, Miss Gordon," she replied cheerfully. "He did look in for half an hour early this afternoon. Has he not returned home?"

"I have been at the church," Phil answered, with a faint smile.

"Ah, you'll find him at home, I have no doubt!" observed the landlady cheerfully. "A merry Christmas, Miss Gordon!"

"A merry Christmas!" Phil heard the words more than once that evening as she went wildly from house to house seeking her father. He had so few friends or acquaintances that the places where she might have hoped to find him were soon exhausted, and it was nearly nine o'clock when her search was over.

Almost despairing, chilled to the bone, and trembling in every limb, she had turned her face towards home, when, passing a little public-house, a familiar voice fell upon her ear. She opened the door with trembling hands and found herself in a small room with sanded floor, lighted with flaring gas-jets, and there, talking excitedly and with imperfect, thick, and faltering speech, was her father.

As Phil entered all present turned towards her, and Gordon, recognizing his daughter, dropped on the floor the glass he had been about to put to his lips. As the glass fell splintering into a hundred pieces he broke into a wild laugh. It was followed by a silence like unto death itself as Phil went towards her father, the gaslight illumining her pale face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE three men in that little inn-parlor never forgot Phil Gordon's face as they saw it then; and yet they had but a glimpse of it, for, when the girl put her hand on her father's arm and spoke one word, the old man went with her without an attempt at opposition or self-assertion.

"Come!" was all she said; and those who had been listening to the faltering speech, laughing at and encouraging it, fell back and moved aside to allow them to pass.

The slender figure of the girl, her ashen-hued face, set and stern, her eyes terrible in their scorn, with the unsteady drooping figure of her father leaning heavily on her slight arm, constituted an unhappy picture.

The streets were quieter by this time; the busy housewives had made their purchases and had gone home; some of the shops were closing, and the shopmen, putting up their shutters, shouted Christmas greetings to each other. The church was still lighted up, but the decorators had finished their work and had left the building to the women, who were sweeping up the debris.

The few pedestrains were too busy and preoccupied to take much notice of the two persons who were slowly making their way, the girl supporting the tottering steps of the gray-haired man; but the Christmas chimes were still ringing out their message of peace and good-will.

At first Doctor Gordon stumbled on in silence. His daughter's set white face, terrible in its mute anguish, had struck even his dazed and fevered brain; but, as they reached the outskirts of the town and began to climb the hill leading to the school-buildings, he broke the silence with complaints, threats of resistance, and assertions of cruelty, uttered in harsh, broken, stammering tones, which smote upon the girl's heart.

Very gently, with a word or two of tenderness—only a word or two, for Phil's voice was not yet under control—the girl tried to soothe him; and even in her misery felt thankful that they had left the town, and that the querulous complaints and reproaches in his broken, hoarse, coarse tones were audible to no one but herself. It was perhaps the most bitter of all the bitter hours her young life had known.

Would they never reach the schoolhouse? she wondered, thinking with sick longing of the shelter of the humble little home where she hoped to have a taste of Christmas peace and joy. It was very cold, and she could feel her father shaking and shivering as they walked on, climbing the little hill with difficulty, his foothold being uncertain and the frozen snow slippery.

Phil stood still for a moment, and, taking off her cloak, put it around her father, who submitted passively, being in truth scarcely conscious of her action. So they moved on, the man complaining still bitterly, almost breaking his daughter's heart with the querulous reproaches he stammered out.

Suddenly a dark figure, clearly outlined against the background of snow, appeared coming briskly towards them down the hill. Phil was too miserable and too intent on steadying her father's stumbling footsteps to see that any one was approaching; but the Squire, coming hurriedly towards them, recognized them at once, and paused suddenly, raising his hat.

"Miss Gordon!" he exclaimed cheerily; then, as the girl tried to pass him, leading her father, he added, "Don't you know me, Miss Gordon? I have been——" He stopped abruptly; the staggering gait and hoarse maudlin tones had told their own tale, and he fell back for a moment in intense and painful surprise.

Phil tried to continue her way without a word. Her cup of misery was full to the brim, and it seemed as if another drop would make it overflow. But her father had recognized the young man's voice and hung back.

"Father—come!" the girl pleaded, in a tone whose anguish went to the Squire's heart. He moved towards her over the frozen ground.

"Your father is ill," he remarked gently. "Let me help you."

She made no answer, and he wondered if she had heard him, for he saw the haggard misery of her face.

"Come, father," she repeated faintly; and the Doctor stumbled forward, clinging to her arm.

"Do not be angry; let me go with you—let me help you!" the young man urged entreatingly, moving a step or two onward by her side. But she turned her eyes upon him with a look which he could not quite distinguish, but whose anguish he partly guessed.

"I want no help," she replied hoarse, miserably, broken-heartedly. The tone went to his heart, with its suffering and anguish, and there was something of fierceness in her manner as she said—"Let me pass!"

He drew back without a word of remonstrance, and once more bared his head. There was only reverence in his heart just then—reverence and pity. The degradation of her father was covered and atoned for by the patience and devotion of the daughter. Beside the beauty and nobility of the one the other was forgotten.

It appeared to the young man at that moment that he could see the girl's life all spread out before him—that it was a martyrdom, and she was a saint. If he had not loved her already he would have done so now, he told himself, with a great throb at his heart, as he watched the two dark figures climbing the snow-clad hill.

He saw that Phil had wrapped her cloak about her father. His poor darling! he thought passionately. How she must feel the bitter cold of that winter night! And this was Christmas Eve! While other girls were happy and free from care, and enjoying their bright young lives, she was suffering like this, without a friend at her side to help her through her pain. He could not leave her thus—it was beyond him, for no man could leave the woman he loved when she so needed him. He could not; he must see her again and try to help her.

He considered hurriedly, standing there on the snow. Sibyl and his guests were all at supper at the Rectory; the carriages were not ordered until eleven. If they missed him—as, of course, they would—he would easily explain his absence. He turned, with a set look on his dark handsome face, and followed the two figures which were moving on in the dark.

With what a passion of pity he watched them he himself scarcely knew. He followed slowly, as there had been that in Philippa Gordon's voice which forbade him openly to disobey her; but, if her injunction had been even stronger, he could not but have disobeyed it. How could he leave this frail girl to her terrible task?

At any moment her father might slip upon the frozen ground; she herself might need assistance, as he saw that she had stumbled once or twice. Why would she not let him help her? Could she not guess that her father, even in his degradation, was sacred in his eyes?

He did not try to blind himself to the fact that he loved Philippa Gordon, the village schoolmistress. It was not pity, or admiration, or tenderness, or friendship he felt for her; it was love, pure and simple, such as he had never felt before for any woman—such as he would probably never feel again. He had known it by the passion of tenderness which he had felt when he had recognized her. He was in love, he told himself, with a little thrill.

This, then, was the skeleton in Doctor Gordon's cupboard—this was the terrible third which bore the father and daughter company by the little hearth the girl tried so hard to keep bright? It was this which had given her sweet brown eyes that haunting look of sorrow, which had made her smile so infrequent and her voice so pathetic. Poor girl, what she must have endured in the past—how she suffered in the present! Dick wondered if she would let him save her from such suffering in the future.

They had reached the school-buildings now, and the schoolhouse rose dark and gloomy. In the little cottage there was the light of the lamp and fire. The Squire, following at a distance, could not hear the great sob of relief which broke from the girl's white lips as she led her father through the little gate and up the path; but he could distinguish the sound of her father's hoarse voice as it rose testily upon the still frosty air. A moment later Dick heard the cottage door closed behind them, and he drew a sigh of relief.

When he reached the little gate he paused and stood leaning against it. He would have given worlds to enter the cottage, and give Phil the assistance she could not but need. But he dared not; he had no right, he told himself—he had no right yet; but—and he set his lips firmly—he would have the right some day, for he loved her well enough to win her.

Presently a light flashed in one of the upper windows of the little cottage, and the young man walked up the pathway and looked in the sitting-room window. The room was empty; the fire was burning low; the tea-table, with its dainty cups and saucers, stood undisturbed; and the lamp was lighted and burned clearly and steadily under its yellow shade.

Passing the casement the Squire went on to the back of the cottage. The kitchen was spotlessly neat, the fire was bright, a small lamp burned on the dresser, and by its light Dick saw that the little round-eyed maid, who had excited Sibyl's amusement, had fallen asleep, and was leaning over the table with her head on her arm.

Evidently the entrance of her master and mistress had not aroused her, nor had Philippa disturbed her. Dick guessed truly that the young schoolmistress had been glad to hide her father's humiliation from the child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RATS WHO ENJOYED FUN.—A good rat story is told by a lady who lives in Baltimore, which shows that rats have a kind of humor about them at times which they will exercise even to the extent of forgetting their plundering propensities. In the house of this lady was a child's rocking-horse, and every night the rats would jump on the rocking-horse and start it rocking and rock it for hours, seemingly with the greatest enjoyment in the world. At first, hearing the noise, the people could not imagine the cause, and did not know but that spirits had a hand in it, but when they cautiously peeped out and saw the performance it became one of the marvels of the neighborhood to see the rats in the gambols enjoying themselves, laughing and having their fun rocking the horse.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, INFLAMMATION of the Throat, and Difficulty of Breathing, frequently result from a severe Cold. The remedial properties combined in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, are especially designed to break up feverish and inflammatory tendencies, remove Constriction of the Throat, and by bringing about a free expectoration, promote natural respiration, and a speedy cure. A reputation maintained for forty years, affords to all a guarantee of the practical merit of the remedy.

Scientific and Useful.

COAL DUST.—The new Kudlicz method of burning fine coal dust with forced draught has been applied already to a number of boilers at several iron works in Germany with satisfactory results.

BRONZE.—Comparative experiments made with brass and phosphor bronze are said to demonstrate the fact that, while the ultimate strength of the former is from 18,000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, that of phosphor bronze is 45,000 pounds per square inch.

BRANDINGS.—The Arizona Indians have a peculiar and effective way of branding animals. The brand is made of steel, with a knife edge. It is fixed on the head of an arrow, and shot with a bow at the animal to be branded with such force that it cuts the mark in the hide. When the wound heals it leaves a scar, which looks as though burnt with a branding iron.

COLD CHISELS.—To temper cold chisels, heat them at a low heat so as not to raise a scale; dip in a brine of clear salt and water—about one pound of salt to a gallon of water. Leave heat enough in the tool to run the temper down to a required hardness, which is shown by the pigeon-blue color. Take care to make the chisel so stout that it will not spring in the using.

FIBRE.—A new use for ramie fibre has been found in the manufacture of steam-pipes. The employment of a vegetable product for such a purpose would at first sight seem to be impossible; but the fibre has been rendered fit for the work by being previously subjected to hydraulic pressure. The material so treated is said to possess a tensile strength greater than that of steel.

HOT WATER.—A medical authority says that the most potent and most perfect remedy for sleeplessness is to drink hot water. If one awakes in the night and becomes hopelessly wide awake, an invariable remedy is a glass of perfectly hot—not warm—water. It can be heated over the gas or over a spirit-lamp, and sipped while very hot; and one who tries it will find himself going off to sleep like an infant, and getting too the most restful and peaceful sleep imaginable.

Farm and Garden.

SHEARS.—The use of pruning shears, with long handles, for trimming the ends of the branches of trees will enable one to give shape and symmetry to the trees and also to remove much of the useless wood.

HENS.—If the hens are confined, in order to protect the garden, they must have a daily supply of chopped grass. Too much grain will cause them to become overfat, and fewer eggs will be obtained. The best egg-producing food is lean meat.

HOGS.—It may save food to turn a hog into the woods to feed upon waste, but the hog that is capable of roaming through the woods has too much activity for a hog, and requires more than the necessary allowance when penned up for fattening on grain.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of soda, finely ground, applied at the rate of 100 pounds per acre, will make the lawn grass grow and become green, and it should be broadcasted as early as possible. If wood ashes are used also the combination will be excellent.

BUTTER.—Growing cheap food in summer in order to convert it into high-priced butter in winter is the method adopted by those who have silos. If hay is cheap it can be sold at a better price in the shape of milk, beef or butter, and the manure remains for use in the spring.

CROPS.—It is better to grow some crop that will find a market nearer home than to endeavor to produce an apparently more profitable article that must be sent a distance to be sold. The cost of transportation, handling and commissions must all be deducted from the receipts.

COLTS.—A writer in a turf journal gives the following rule to estimate the height a colt will grow to. Take a colt at any time between 6 weeks and 1 year, stand him on a level surface so that he will stand naturally, then measure the distance from the hair of his hoof to his knee joint, for every inch or fraction thereof he measures he will be hands high when matured. If he measures 15 inches he will grow to be 15 hands high; if 16½ inches he will grow to be 15½ hands high, and so on.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials sent free.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 26, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 728 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Of Innocence.

Men, when given to sadness—a sentimental melancholy, which, if indulged in, may bring, in the end, despondency and madness—complain of want of purity, of want of innocence, of knowing too much of sin; and we are apt to cite Sir Thomas Browne's saying, that some sins are really too bad even to be spoken of, and that the mere mention of them may do harm. We feel pain at the loss of innocence, because we have been taught to believe that it can never come again.

In a man or boy, innocence is like modesty in woman—modesty, "which when once 'tis gone, is gone for ever." "Oh, keep me innocent!" wrote the unfortunate Queen Matilda on the window of her prison; "make others great;" a good wish, a simple wish, but one hardly ever gratified. No one likes to lose the proud conscience with which a man can look the world in the face, and, unabashed, stare down the guilt-sodden creature whose very looks speak evil. That proud consciouesness once lost, no wonder that we grow saddened.

Our judges have a claim to this quality in the ermine that they wear; for the ermine, we are told, is an animal that will bear no soil upon it; once soiled, it washes itself, and removes the speck; but if this be (to it) irremovable, it will pine and die. Bishops, too, wear lawn sleeves, pure, unsullied, white and chaste as to the drifted or driven snow—a beautiful symbol. To be pure, to be chaste—chaste as the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple, to feel innocent within, to suspect nothing evil because we know of none—this indeed is delightful.

But are there such men? Few surely in our days. Are we to regret that as the world grows older it grows more wicked? Are we to assume that it does do so? Is a person who knows—as who does not know in a general way?—that so many thousand men and women gain their daily bread by theft and infamy, the worse for that knowledge?

Are our doctors the less healthy because they have every day to deal with misery, want, and disease? Are their minds less pure because they know the secrets of the sick-room, and that disease which they try to remedy is but too often the deserved punishment and consequence of sin? Are they more hard-hearted, because, surrounded with sadness every day, their hearts may be expected to have grown indurated and callous? Surely every one of these questions can be answered in the negative. Again, with our own clergymen, magistrates, and judges, who must in their daily vocations meet with an immense disclosure of wickedness—are they the worse for it? Certainly not.

The three classes, Divinity, Law and Physic, are universally foremost in good works. The doctors of our workhouses are almost every day getting into hot water with the ignorant guardians in trying to do good to the neglected poor. The judges from the bench recommend good and useful social measures; and the clergy certainly show an amount of simplicity, not to say greenness, which is amusing to the philosopher and consoling to the cynical sage.

Is a man to be "taken in" by a begging-letter writer, it is a clergyman upon whom the "plant" is first made. Is there one man who believes in the innocence, nay, the Christian beauty and holy repentance of a murderer, it is the much-enduring and hard-working prison chaplain—a gentleman upon whom hardened thieves, who are often very good physiognomists, play strange tricks, and whom they deceive with a simulated innocence, artistically assumed, and cultivated with care and cleverness.

Ignorance of vice, then, has little to do with innocence. He only is truly innocent who has been tempted and has withstood it. The untempted man may dogmatize upon innocence and guilt, may blame the fallen, and visit—and he very often does visit—the poor sinful one with a heavy indignation; but he is hardly a fair judge, any more than he who has never been in battle knows how a soldier should stand under fire. It is easy to criticise when we are far. We are far away from the scene of action.

But there is a great deal more innocence in the world than some people give the world credit for. Still we must be content to be as we are; to know evil; and, knowing it, to avoid it.

Evil crept like a serpent into the angel-guarded Paradise. It is in vain for us to promise ourselves an immunity from the touch of sin; we cannot play the Pharisee now; we are, indeed, miserable sinners. Snow-white innocence is not within the hearts of one of us. Our Bible tells us all this; it is well, just as well, to be convinced of it; if the Bible didn't instruct us, Nature would.

Let a man or or woman, or a boy or a girl know truly what vice is—that it is always low, hideous, dishonorable; that it lies in wait and deceives; that it is sordid, selfish and utterly foolish; that it may please for the moment, but must torment for the age; that its own devotees despise and hate it just as Quashee beats his wooden god about the head when angry—let them know, as they surely will, that the vicious are mostly liars, cruel in their selfishness, utterly untrustworthy, so silly as to prefer a moment's gratification to a thousand chances of dishonor and punishment, and that the vicious always hate each other.

Properly educate a boy or girl, teach them what goodness is, and you will so strengthen their souls that they will look upon the apples of evil—that Dead Sea fruit—forewarned and forearmed, for they know what evil is. There is a deep lesson to be learnt from that drunken Helot—sin—if one is only Spartan enough to profit by it.

THERE is the literature of knowledge and there is the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move. The first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

THERE is seed-time, and afterward harvest. Do not think that everything can come at once. Possess your soul in patience. Do not expect impossibilities, but simply the possible, for which proper efforts have been made. Patience is not in conflict with enthusiasm. The one is co-partner with the other. Neither will get far without the other. Together they are invincible.

A LADY applied to Reynolds, the philanthropist, in behalf of an orphan. After he had given very liberally, she said, "When he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken; we do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth the clouds and the rain."

A MOTHER once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek your opportunity begins."

NONE would desire to inspire another with selfishness, or malice, or ill-nature, or revenge, or any other evil passion. Yet, if we possess and retain such characteristics in ourselves, no effort of our own will can prevent us from infusing them into those with whom we mingle.

GOOD humor is the only shield to keep off the darts of the satirical railer. If you have a quiver well stored, and are sure of hitting him between the joints of the harness, do not spare him. But you had better not bend your bow than miss your aim.

BE very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength.

WHEN thy brother has lost all that he ever had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think to lick him whole again only with thy tongue?

THERE are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king.

THE animals to whom Nature has given the faculty we call cunning know always when to use it, and use it wisely; but when man descends to cunning he blunders and betrays.

COMMON sense in one view is the most uncommon sense. While it is extremely rare in possession, the recognition of it is universal. All men feel it, though few men have it.

To a young man the world unknown appears full of pleasures, and every pleasure new; but, when he becomes experienced, he finds the pleasures very few and very old.

THE first duty towards children is to make them happy. If you have not made them happy you have wronged them; no other good they may get can make up for that.

SOME persons follow the dictates of their conscience only in the same sense in which a coachman may be said to follow the horses which he is driving.

We do not like our friends the worse because they sometimes give us the opportunity to rail at them heartily. Their faults reconcile us to their virtues.

EVERYTHING that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are.

THE mind may be overburdened; but, like the body, it is strengthened by moderate exercises.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. N.—The abbreviation cir. in the margin of your Bible stands for circa, about: thus, xxviii. chap. Chronicles was written B. C. cir. 1015; that is, about 1015 years before Christ; the exact year is not known.

F. W. A.—Be natural. It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.

D. V. G.—Socialism, in its widest sense, is any scheme or project which has for its object to do away with the hardships of life and bring about equality amongst men through the instrumentality of the State.

G. BELL.—The heat required for the incubation of fowls' eggs is as nearly as possible 100° Fah., ranging up to 103°, and not falling below 99°. A short daily exposure to cold air and a sprinkling with water are necessary, as well as occasional turning over of the eggs.

IGNORANT.—Sponges are very irregular in form, symmetrical ones being rare, and their color is as variable as their shape. Deep-sea sponges, like other animals that live in shallow water are very bright, and the color assumed by the sponge is generally for purposes of defence, or to frighten away other animals.

WILLIAM S.—The loadstone is a certain part of the iron ore. It was discovered by mere chance in the thirteenth century that if this part of the ore was suspended on a point and allowed to turn itself at pleasure it would always point to the north. For this remarkable fact philosophers have not as yet assigned any reason.

EDGAR.—The line, "He who laughs on Friday will weep on Sunday," is to be found in Racine's comedy of "Les Plaideurs." Besides the fact that our Lord's Crucifixion took place on Friday—thus for Christmas giving that day of the week a religious character—there is a tradition that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on a Friday and died on a Friday.

EDITH.—You are evidently hysterical. Leave off being discontented. Go out much into the fresh air; mix freely in the society of others; do not brood over yourself and your unfortunate love affairs; and give up thinking so much about your own feelings and your own difficulties. Self-concentration is the source of your trouble. Business would decidedly be the best thing in the world for you.

DREAMER.—No, we do not believe there is any truth in dreams. We eat them down for the most part to toasted cheese for supper. Dreams depend entirely upon the particular way in which special parts of the brain are supplied with blood during sleep, and they have no more importance as prognostications for your life and happiness than any other fact of circulation or any other form of indigestion.

T. B. C.—Twelfth Day is the twelfth day after Christmas, and is kept differently in different countries. Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, says, "In the days of King Alfred a law was made with relation to holidays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the Nativity of Our Savior were made Festivals. Formerly a bean and pea were put in all twelfth cakes. Whoever got the bean was the king; whoever got the pea was the queen."

DIFFICULTY.—Domina is the Latin for lady; Dominus would therefore serve for gentleman. The different orders of Roman citizens forbid any exactor translation; thus we could not translate duke, or marquis, or even emperor, into Latin exactly. Dux is simply a leader; imperator the commander of an army. We cannot find "real old Roman words" for ideas which did not exist in old Roman times. Thus it could only be by a periphrasis that we could translate a watch, a pair of goloshes, or an electric telegraph.

ANXIOUS.—The following makes a good cement for a meerschaum pipe. Curdle some skim milk with vinegar; press and dry the curd at a very gentle heat, after washing it once or twice with cold water. When quite dry, grind it to an impalpable powder in a mortar, and mix it with one-tenth of its weight of equally finely-ground quick-lime; and to every ounce add five or six grains of camphor, and again grind to a very fine powder. Keep it in a tightly corked bottle, and, when wanted, mix with a little water into a stiff paste, and apply immediately.

CANNY.—The saying, "Help me to salt, help me to sorrow," is common among the Highlanders, and the majority of them always decline the article with a wave of the hand. The popular superstition respecting the spilling of salt being a bad omen, is said to have originated in the fact that in Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of "The Last Supper," Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt. An Italian superstition is to the effect that the spilling of oil at table is sure to bring bad luck in some form to the person causing the accident.

R. L.—Ordinarily ice forms at the surface of water. On cooling, water contracts in volume—becomes denser—until it reaches a temperature of about 39.2° Fah.; if cooled below this point it gradually expands—becomes lighter—until at about 32° Fah., it congeals. Water chilled at the surface contracts and sinks, the warmer and lighter water rising to the surface. This continues until the whole body of water is chilled to 39.2° Fah. From this point to 32° the colder water remains at the surface and there congeals. In shallow and turbulent water ice sometimes forms at the bottom, and, becoming attached to stones, rocks, etc., does not rise.

THE OLD SONG.

BY CAMILLA CROSLAND.

Sing me the song that was often sung
In the olden time when we were young;
The ballad I mean with a soft refrain,
That told a story of joy and pain.
Of faith restored after doubt and dread,
And a love revived that was reckoned dead.
I remember the touch of a minor key
In a gliding passage of melody.

Yes, yes, that is it! Go on—go on;
I will close mine eyes till the song be done,
And fancy long years are only a dream.
Ah, the past the present again doth seem!
Shall you sing it once more? you gently say.
Perhaps to-morrow, but not to-day,
For the blinding tears that freely flow
The spell of the old, old song will show.

In No Estimation.

BY M. F. H.

MRS. HERBERT wore a rich dress of white duchesse satin, embroidered in silver, and with the train bordered by white plumes of ostrich; her bouquet was of magnificent white roses.

These lines, read by a girl who sat by a cottage window, which faced a sweet old-fashioned garden, where the lilacs and laburnums were waving their graceful branches in the summer air, reached the ear of a man who stood just outside the window, and he advanced.

"What is that, Maggie?"

"Oh! I did not know you were there, John," she cried, and the paper dropped in her lap. "It's nothing, only a bit I was reading from The Lady's Pictorial; it's an account of the dresses at the last drawing room."

And then John's brown hand came through the open window, and he took the paper quietly: "I would like to see it."

He walked away down the garden path, till a bend hid him from sight, and Maggie, his sister, looked back into the little parlor.

"Did you ever see the like of that Annie?"

"John's queer," the second sister said laconically, biting her thread; "he never did take things like other people. He didn't fall in love like other people, and I believe he'll go on loving Constance all his life. As I say, he's queer."

"I wish I were in his place," Maggie said with a flush of anger; "I'd be determined to be rich; I would go in for laying up money till I was far, far richer than her husband, and then I'd get him in my power! Anything to show her the mistake she had made."

"We don't do things like that in real life," Annie said in her matter-of-fact voice. "Besides, you are rather hard on Connie."

"Don't call her that!"

"Very well—on Constance. I don't believe really that she meant to deceive him. She liked him very much, and it was pleasant having some one who adored her; always ready to do her bidding. Of course it was selfish of her to have encouraged him; she ought to have seen, but I think she is sorry."

"What business had she to marry that Herbert man?"

"She loved him, and he was rich. It was quite natural."

The elder sister gave a little angry shrug; she knew she was worsted, but she could not forgive Constance.

"'Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart,'"

she quoted. "There's no use in her being sorry now. You read the old song, 'Why did ye gang, lassie?' the verse after the girl coolly says she never meant to deceive him, and that she loved some one else."

"I don't remember the verse."

Maggie quoted it bitterly, and her voice traveled down the garden path to where John stood hidden by the falling golden branches of the laburnum.

"'O why did ye look, lassie; why did ye look?
And what when your een met mine, lass?
Wi' your beauty and your art, ye has broken my heart;
I maun down to the grave loving you, lass!'"

John heard, standing there under the beautiful yellow tassels that swayed in the breeze, now falling across his cheek as if with a soft touch, now brushing his hair, and the paper hung listlessly from his hand. Yes, he had never blamed her, never would, but why had he looked? Had she not seen that he loved her? She had smiled so kindly; been so gentle and grateful for all he did; given him her confidence with a frank belief and trust in his superior intelligence, that might have deceived any man; and then Guy Herbert, the only son of the rich London banker, had come down to the village, had seen and loved Constance, and had carried her off. It was quite true, she loved Guy, and she had never loved John: indeed, she never dreamt of loving him. He was her good—her very great friend, but love, oh, no.

And his point of view Constance had never considered; he was good and kind, the best of men for a friend, but as lover she had never dreamt of him. A lover was a romantic being, who looked and spoke like Romeo, and John was a very ordinary-looking Scotchman, shy and taciturn and reserved, and with no graces of either person or speech; and yet the knowledge of what she had done did come to the girl with a pang, when on the night after her engagement she met John in the lane and told him of it. He had grown white suddenly to the lips, and his eyes had looked at her almost vacantly; it was dreadful to see a man look like that, to see a strong man suffer and make no sign! He had only asked in a kind of choked whisper if it was true, or if it was only her father's doing; was she being coerced into it for the money? for he, John, would be rich some day; he sailed for the States in a few months with the railway king, Carruthers, who had told him he ought to make his fortune with that brain for figures; would she not wait? all he would make would be hers. And then as these disjointed, terrible sentences died away, and Constance understood, she too whitened, for she hated to give pain.

"Why, John, I—I love him."

He had said absolutely nothing after that, and he had turned away and walked down the country road. She saw what she had done, and how she had unwittingly, though selfishly, deceived him, and her heart smote her. She had taken his all, his love and his life and his hope, and she had given nothing; and his love, that forestalled every wish and shielded her almost like a mother's, had been very pleasant. She had not been just, and fair, and brave; if she had been she would have said, "John I ought not to let you do these things for me; I can give you nothing in return."

They had not met since that night, and now she had been presented at court after her marriage, and he, John, sailed for New York on Friday.

He read the paragraph through at last, and he pictured her in this beautiful dress, the fairest, surely amongst all these great ladies; and then he let the paper fall again from his hand.

"That means she is in London; I might see her in the street, or driving, maybe; anyway, I'll try."

He left the peaceful, sunny old garden then, where the purple columbines, and the stately lupins, and the dazzling French marigolds were all ablaze in the hot June sun, and he handed the Pictorial through the window to his sister. He was glad he had heard her read that paragraph; for it told him Constance was in London, and he had not dared to ask news of her at all. He would go to Liverpool via London and try and see her.

* * * * * *

I think John realized what a baseless hope his was as he paced up the sunny side of Regent Street two days after this. He had gone to the park in the morning and had leant on the railings to watch the carriages drive past, but amongst all the fair English faces he saw there, under their dainty headgear, Constance's was not to be found. And he realized what a faint hope was his as he walked up the thronged pavement now, looking keenly at the passers with his deep-set and dark eyes. Only one more look on the sweet face, only one look, for all the years! The wish formed itself into a prayer before he knew, and then he was suddenly arrested by a red cloth placed across the pavement from a photographer's door, and as the man before him had paused John paused too. A lady was coming out, her rich white train held in one bare hand, her bouquet in the other, a cloak thrown over her shoulders, and the sunshine sparkled upon her fair hair with its gleaming diamond star and seemed to dazzle John's eyes. And then a stray blossom fell from her posy on the cloth. She looked down at it carelessly, then walked on to the waiting carriage, and John had seized the flower and was walking on too, his face white as it had been on that night in Scotland. For it was Constance! He had seen her! He had hardly gone a few paces when he stopped short, for the sound of his name reached him in her voice, and when he turned back she was looking out of the carriage eagerly.

He went up at once, and the girl's soft hand took his in hers. "Oh, John!" she she said, "how strange to see you like this! I caught sight of you passing the carriage. I—I have been getting my photograph done in my drawing-room dress."

"Yes," he said simply, "I saw you. It is a very beautiful dress."

He spoke so naturally and kindly that her eyes seemed to fill with tears. "Then you are not angry with me, John?" she said, raising her face like a penitent child's. "I thought you were, and I was so sorry. I have—I have been so angry with myself, to think I have given you pain. But you will forgive me, won't you, and forget all about me, except as one who would always like to be your friend, John."

"Yes," he said, "I will think of you as my friend. There is no forgiveness in the matter. I am very glad you are so happy. We are not likely to see each other, perhaps, again, but if at any time you wanted a friend, Constance—we do not know what the years might bring—or one who could help you or yours, will you remember me?"

She said, "Yes," still with those tear-filled eyes, and then another carriage having driven up, John pressed her hand with a tight grip, gave the upturned face one long look that haunted her, and was gone.

"And I have never asked when he sailed, or where he was staying," Constance said to herself as she drove on. "But surely, surely I shall see him again."

But she did not, for twenty years.

* * * * * *

The beautiful grounds of Lady Hamilton's house at Richmond looked their best in this gorgeous June weather, when now, after a late and stormy spring, there had come weeks of cloudless sunshine. The great masses of rhododendrons were a perfect feast of color, and the house itself was embowered in gloire de dijon roses, honeysuckle and creepers; flowers were everywhere, and the flowers seemed to bask in the hot sun to-day. And this was one of Lady Hamilton's famous "June Saturdays." All the world was here, some boating on the river yonder, some playing tennis under the trees, some eating ices in the tents, some flirting in the garden, some talking in the drawing-rooms, all presumably enjoying themselves. The world to-day seemed a world of light jest and laughter, of falling rose leaves, of perfume and wit and dalliance, of fair women and brave men.

It seemed a very dazzling scene to one on-looker, who was walking slowly under the trees, his friend, a rich American who had brought him, having been carried off by his hostess to be introduced to royalty. He enjoyed it in his quiet way, as a spectator, for he did not feel in any sense one of these gay people. He thought vaguely that he would like to buy a place down here on the Thames, it all seemed so sunny and sheltered and light-hearted, and he could see the boats on the river with their gay occupants all and every day, in the summer. The man who thought this was our old friend, John Gardyne, and it would have been quite possible for John to indulge his taste, expensive toys as Richmond villas are, for he was very rich now, a railway king too, in a smaller way than his friend, and, his sisters being dead, absolutely without kith or kin. And then as a very pretty young girl passed him with a boy in Highland costume, John suddenly started. "They said she would be here—would she wear a white dress like that?"

And then he smiled a little, remembering, though it seemed hard to do so, that his old love must be over forty now, and that yonder pretty girl might easily be her daughter. He wandered on over the beautiful grass, lost in thought, till he reached a boundary fence and some great clumps of pink rhododendrons, and then he paused, for a voice was speaking in a kind of low and agitated under-tone behind the bushes, and it seemed to him that something was dimly familiar in the voice and in the faint Scotch accent. "Oh, I don't know what to say, Connie. Papa is dreadfully worried, dreadfully ill."

"Then the rumors are true?"

"Yes, they are. He says unless he can weather the next few days, unless he can find some one to lend him an impossible sum, we shall be ruined! You see the rumor has got about. That is where the danger lies. If we could weather the next month, all would be well. But there is no money to be got."

"Charlie asked me," the other voice said. "He was so nice, mother; but it is his father, you know. His father said he meant to ask papa, and if it, the report, is true, there could be no engagement. Of course, Charlie said he would be true to me, and we could wait, but his father is—so—cruel!" And then there was the sound of a faint suppressed sob, and the little gate beyond the bushes was pushed open. Two ladies came through, one dressed in white India muslin, with a lace scarf tied round her neck, very young and pretty, though her face was tear-stained now; the other, a slender fragile woman in a soft black silk gown and with long loose suede gloves. She looked at the man standing there with a certain surprise and hauteur, and then her expression changed to one of great amazement and dawning recognition, as she stood still.

John advanced then, "Constance."

"Why, John," she cried then, "is it you? I did not recognize you for a moment. You are looking older—as I am too, of course. For how long it is since we met? What years and years."

"Twenty years," he said. "But I knew you at once. You are not much changed, I think; very little altered. And yet—this must be your daughter. She is like your sister, it seems to me."

He was looking at the young girl so kindly that she held out her hand instinctively, with a gentle look that was very like her mother's. "How do you do?" she said in her sweet English tones, and then she looked round. "Shall I go on, mother dear, and see if father has come, and perhaps you will like to speak to your old friend alone." She was gone, and these two turned them, and Mrs. Herbert's eyes wandered over John's figure and the pleasant, kindly face. He was very grave-looking, she thought; the eyes had a tired look, he had aged fast, much faster than she. And then she met his smile.

"You are wondering if it is really the old John," he said; "you make me feel young again, to see you so unchanged. My hair is quite gray, and yours is as sunny as ever. We grow old young, over yonder. We live two years in one year. It rests one even to see England and breathe English air after the rush of New York. I am very glad to be home again."

"Yes," she said, "and you will come and see us, John? My husband will be so glad to know you. We have two children; Frank is at Eton, and Connie—you saw Connie."

"Yes, she is like your sister, as I said."

"She is engaged to be married," she said with a sigh, "or she was."

And then she broke off, and she seemed to forget to speak for a little; the look of care and terrible anxiety came back to her face, and her lips were locked together. John suddenly bent his head, and it appeared to him as if the years had fled, and he was telling her, as he had told her twenty years ago, to be his friend and to let him be hers.

"Constance," he said gently, "I am your friend?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then forgive me for being very frank with you. I heard rumors in the City about your husband's firm—I did not know if they were true, and I meant to try and find out if I saw you here to-day, and if you would permit me. And then I heard just now what you said. Let me be your friend."

She looked at him, startled and amazed.

"How, John?"

"Tell me all. The rumors are true? The bank is shaky? Your husband is in desperate want of money?"

"We shall be ruined if he cannot get the money," she whispered. "It is not his fault, John; there is wrong. My husband is the soul of honor. It would not be a disgraceful failure, only times have been so bad, and investments have failed—you will understand; I don't, you know; women never do."

"No," he said; "I see. But your husband will weather the storm all right. In these cases it is only a friendly hand that is needed. I am a rich man with nothing and no one to spend my money on. You will let me be your friend, and your husband's and Constance's?"

"Oh, John!" she cried, "was any one ever like you! How good you are, how very good! And to remember me all these years!"

"You remembered me," he said, smiling down at her, and then they saw Constance approaching them with a tall man, whose handsome high-bred face looked pale and care-worn, and Mrs. Herbert went up to her husband eagerly and laid her hand on his arm.

She whispered her news to him, and the banker turned to look at the little quiet-looking figure who stood by the fence, his grave Scotch face turned away. This man, on whom few would have wasted a second glance, in his rather shabby coat of un-

English cut—was this really his salvation, the John Gardyne, known as only second to the great Carruthers himself? For once he could find no words, and John liked him all the better for the broken sentences and the proffered explanations, once they could get back to the City.

"I came here," he explained, "to try and deceive the world. They would have it in the papers that I was here, and people might trust me a little longer. But I cannot see how you can do me this immense boon, Mr. Gardyne. It will save me!"

He took off his hat, and let the breeze fan his forehead, and Constance stood looking from her husband's handsome worn face to John's grave and quiet one.

How would she ever thank him?"

"Your wife and I were old friends," John said steadily. "We grew up together. It is a great happiness to me to be of use to her and hers," and then he looked round at Constance the younger with a smile, "and to this young lady. If she will let me, I should like to be her friend too."

And then they all turned and walked to the house, and Constance Herbert slipped her hand under the arm of her mother's friend, with a shy and grateful glance.

"I feel as if I knew you already," she said.

And John, smiling down into the eyes that were so like those of his old love, looked happier than he had done for years.

* * * * * *

The threatened failure of a well-known bank in the City did not take place, and to-day that institution is as firmly established in public opinion as it ever was. The rumors were said to be false, for the bank met all demands, and no one outside the inner circle knew the true story.

And John Gardyne has bought a villa at Richmond, and there Constance Herbert and her husband stay for weeks together, and their children look upon it as a second home. And when Gardyne is in town he always stays at the Herbert's town house in Berkley Square, and society says it is an odd thing how devoted the brilliant Herberts are to this little quiet Scotchman, who has never anything to say, and who always seems to want to get away. But he is perfectly happy with the Herberts alone, and Constance, the younger, who is married now, is quite as fond of him as ever her mother was. He goes over to Ireland and stays with her and her husband, and rumor says will leave her all his money. Rich as he is, however, society never cares for him, nor he for society. He tells Constance he has nothing to say to fine ladies, he is too stupid for the sparkling champagne of their talk. Only he will be quite happy if they let him be their familiar friend, if they never tire of him, and Constance laughs at the very idea. Long ago her husband has paid back all the loan, but there is a debt she can never repay.

For this man of no estimation in society's eyes, is her best friend and her husband's, and only she in all the world, she thinks, knows his true worth.

A Match-Maker.

BY T. L. B.

HANS KREMELBERG stood before his easel, talking energetically, pausing every now and then in his painting to turn to his friend, Jack Aumy, who sat thrown back in the most comfortable of comfortable chairs, his cigar in his hand, watching the artist with a lazily-amused smile.

"I will acknowledge," Hans was saying, "that women of the present day are fascinating and amusing to meet in society; but when it comes to something rather nearer and dearer than agreeable acquaintances, they are failures. Look at your so called 'society girls'; you will not deny that, under their superficial coat of good breeding, they are, as a class, vain, artificial, mercenary, and heartless——"

"My dear fellow," Jack interrupts, abruptly, "I really must present you to Mrs. Ericson; for, although she is a society woman, you, will find her a kindred spirit. Last evening she was telling me how disappointed Mrs. Donaldson was in the way her daughter Lily had turned out. She gave me a long list of poor Miss Lily's various shortcomings, and finished by saying in an awe-stricken whisper, as the climax of all that was horrible, 'And then, you know, Mr. Aumy, she is literary.'"

Hans half laughed. "I have met Mrs. Ericson. She strikes me as being rather a conventional narrow-minded women."

Two or three weeks after this conversation the two friends went to West Waring, to be gone a fortnight.

The first Sunday morning they were at church, that everyone who has been to West Waring knows so well. The clergyman's low musical voice and the subdued flutter of fans were the only sounds that disturbed the Sunday quiet. Jack, sitting there—thinking, perhaps more of his fiancee far away than of the long and rather stupid sermon—felt lazily contented. It was a warm day, but the soft air was stirring and came freshly in at the open window, blowing gently to and fro the hair of the young girl who sat there.

"By Jove, what a pretty girl!" Jack almost exclaimed, when he first noticed her. She looked as if she had stepped out of an old picture, with her short waisted white muslin and her poke-bonnet. And then her face! It was exquisite, with that youth and freshness that are so attractive, not only to men, but to women whose youth and freshness are gone.

"Just Kremelberg's style," thought Jack. "I must make him look." Whereupon the latter was artistically poked and punched until he looked at her, and then he looked again, and kept on looking.

Church was over. The fair unknown, escorted by a good-looking elderly man, turned her steps towards a large hotel, while Hans and Jack joined the two Misses Bradford, whose greatest attraction, to them, at least—was the fact that they were staying at the same hotel to Warrens.

When the two men were alone, Jack announced triumphantly that he had discovered who the pretty little girl at church was. Miss Bradford knew her mother well, and was going to take him to their house to call that evening. She was a Londoner, and——

"What is her name?" Hans asked.

"That is the best of all," Jack answered. "It suits her so exactly: it is 'Gretchen'—'Gretchen Mayer.' Doesn't she look like a Gretchen?"

That evening Hans had an engagement to go out rowing with Miss Livingstone—a London girl and a great belle.

How the days chase each other, at West Waring! The last evening had come, and the two men were absorbed in the cheerful occupation of packing. Jack was through first, and sat enjoying Hans' agony, as the latter, with the patience of despair, tried to induce an enormous sketch-book to fit into an absurdly small place.

"I should think, from your expression, it was a chinese puzzle at least," he said. "Here, give it to me. I can stuff it in here," and Jack seized it and began indifferently to turn over the leaves and comment on the different sketches.

Suddenly his face changed, and he uttered an exclamation of admiration.

"By Jove!" he said, "this is exquisite. You must work it up, Hans. It will be the best thing you ever did!"

It was little Gretchen's young sweet face, looking out from the shadow of a quaint, old fashioned bonnet, her eyes intent and earnest, her lips parted as if she were about to speak.

"It is Gretchen Mayer's face," said Jack, slowly, as he still studied the sketch. "But it is Gretchen Mayer idealized. It has such a depth and earnestness. Why, Hans," he exclaimed, suddenly, "this might be your much talked-of ideal girl!"

"And so she is!" cried Hans, emerging from the depths of his trunk, and looking rather red and uncomfortable.

Two or three weeks after the two friends had left West Waring, Miss Gretchen made her appearance in town; and Hans was so continually at Mrs. Ericson's that Jack saw much less of him than usual. One day, they met accidentally at the florist's, where Hans was wasting his substance on a large bouquet of buds. "For Miss Mayer. She goes back to-morrow," he said.

"Well?" asked Jack, gravely.

"Everything is over between us, if that is what you mean," answered Hans, with an apparently irrepressible short queer laugh.

Jack stared for a second in astonishment.

"Then I shall see more of you than I have lately," he said, quietly.

The rest of the evening Jack sat looking at his friend over his cigar with the calculating eyes of an old match-maker.

Now, if ever, he felt, was the time for some girl to lay siege to his friend's unsusceptible heart; for the ideal girl, who had so long stood in the way of anything serious, was now effectually disposed of. How could Hans fail to find a bright agreeable girl interesting, after that charming little bore, Miss Gretchen? Why should not that interest deepen into something more? Why, in fact, had not the time come for his friend to do what he ought to have done before—fall desperately in love with and marry some charming girl?

The upshot of all this serious reflection was an heroic resolve.

"I will make a sacrifice on the altar of friendship," he thought. "I will—yes, I will—become, for the time being, a match-making and manœuvring old mamma."

And, in his new character, he looked at Hans with such an absolutely maternal beam, that Hans felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"Of course are you thinking Jack?" he asked, uneasily.

"Yes, I shall marry you off immediately," Jack was thinking. But he discreetly said nothing. Already, in his mind's eye, he saw a graceful, girlish figure moving around the studio—a girl with a spirited, fascinating face, a small, well-set head, and a voice that thrilled you when she spoke, and that you longed to hear again when she was silent. Possibly, Sallie Wainright's voice was her greatest charm.

"Hans has always admired her," Jack continued, meditating. "Only that confounded ideal has prevented his falling in love with her. Everything is in my favor."

Yes, all the circumstances were in his favor, apparently. It all seemed very plain sailing; yet match-making is essentially a feminine talent, and Jack felt very masculine and stupid as he sat there—a very Judas, plotting the plan of battle in front of his victim's fire, smoking his victim's cigars. Should he arrange everything, or trust to the inspiration of the moment?

"What are you going to do to-morrow evening?" Hans broke in. "What do you say to going to see Miss Wainright?"

Jack started guiltily. There was a moment's pause; then Jack, with inspiration number one, said, awkwardly,—

"To tell the truth, Hans, I was going to see Miss Wainright myself to-morrow evening; and——. Well, I had an especial reason for hoping to find her alone. But, if——"

"Oh, any other evening will do as well, for me; it is some time since I have seen her, that if all." And once more silence reigned.

"That first inspiration was certainly a success," Jack meditated, on his way home. "How disappointed and how puzzled the old fellow looked when I answered him! It will make him think of her, at all events."

Men invariably long for what they cannot have, and Hans felt now as if the only thing that would make life pleasant or even endurable was a call on Miss Wainright.

The next evening, when Jack was shown into Miss Wainright's parlor, he almost repented his first move.

She was alone, and looking unusually pretty. It was only for a minute, however; for, after she had shaken hands with him, she said, with her pretty little laugh,—

"Do you know, you have forgotten to say good-evening to Tatters!"

Tatters! His friend's bete noir! He had forgotten the dog's very existence.

Hans went to see Miss Wainright now very often, and at first with Jack, later alone.

"How much pleasanter the house is without that nuisance of a dog of hers," he said to Jack one day, for Miss Wainright's dog had mysteriously disappeared. No one knew anything about it; he had simply vanished. A little later, however, Hans' opinion about the dog seemed to change. "Do you know, Jack," he said, "Miss Sallie still misses that wretched little dog of hers. She must have a great deal of heart to care so much about him. I wanted to get her another, but she wouldn't let me. I wish she could have the brute back again."

"I wish to heaven she could!" Jack ejaculated, with such unexpected earnestness that Hans looked at him in astonishment.

Well, the fates smiled upon Miss Wainright and Hans. They were in love; they were engaged; the wedding-day was appointed.

Two or three days before the wedding an anonymous present arrived that puzzled Miss Wainright immensely.

Mrs. Hans Kremelberg says that to this day she cannot understand it. At first she thought Hans might have something to do with it; but no, he was perfectly innocent and as much puzzled as she and Jack seemed to be.

It was Tatters! Tatters, thinner, but in splendid condition. His long hair, of which apparently there had been taken the best of care, was like spun silk, so soft and fine! Oh his collar was a pale-blue bow even more astounding than the one which he had worn at the time of his "mysterious disappearance." The collar itself was new, the most fascinating collar of worked silver studded with turquoise.

Tatters seemed a reformed little dog.

"If he could only speak and tell us all his adventures!" said his happy mistress, as she patted him.

Whereupon Jack was heard to murmur indistinctly something which sounded amazingly like "Thank heaven, he can't!"

At the wedding, Jack was, so to speak, the presiding genius; but no one strutted around with as much importance or seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion more than Tatters.

ABOUT BEARDS.

LIKE all other excellent thing—except mushrooms—the beard does not spring up in a single night. In its transitional stage, it is not altogether a thing of beauty. The man feels that he is hardly fit for the society of his fellow creatures. If only, like Rip Van Winkle, he could skip over the intervening weeks and months, and return to vigorous and social life fully equipped with the appendage he sighs for! But that is impossible. He has many humiliating moments to endure ere the time of his dignity had come.

And it is just conceivable that when he is duly bearded like the pard, he still retains such a recollection of the slights he has suffered in quest of his ambition, that pique makes him dissatisfied with the reality. For it is often with beards as with the other goals towards which we aspire: the pleasure lies mainly in expectation. Happily, the barber will, in a trice, be able to set his petitioner yet again at the foot of the ladder which he has been so long in scaling.

Women, we are told, require no beards, because they are such admirable dissemblers—born actors all of them. But this is jumping to a very distant, and not quite acceptable, conclusion. I, for myself, should as readily suppose that our beards were meant to shield us from sore throats, as to give the privilege of lying or dissimulating to our heart's content.

Besides, have we not all known or met, at one time or another, women with as much beard as some men are ever blessed with? An accident, perhaps. Yet if so, the above suppositious rule ought to have a hand in it. And yet the bearded women whom I, for one, have known, were not distinguished for their inability to conceal the real emotions of their minds.

The most notable instance of a bearded woman that I recall was in Sicily. I had left Catania to walk to Nicolosi, purposing the next day to climb Mount Etna. On the way, in the village of Mascalucia, I came face to face with the phenomenon. It was really a very respectable beard, perhaps two inches long, and gray, because its bearer bore marks of age. The dame herself was dressed in dull colors. But for her beard, you would not have noticed her. Urged by curiosity, and a genuine desire for information, I stopped and asked her if I was on the right road for Nicolosi. She confirmed me in my belief in a sufficiently gentle voice, and with an engaging feminine manner. Certainly I should not have judged that she lacked the composure which would make a beard unnecessary. For all that, when my back was turned, I heard her comment upon my personal appearance to a neighbor in a tone so different from the other, that I should have thought it was a fresh individual's voice, had I not turned round and convinced myself. I should much have liked to have seen this old lady's husband, if she possessed one. Had Nature, in their case, given the women the advantage altogether? Further, if they had children, were the daughters' chins smooth and round, like conventional maiden chins, or did their owners sigh to induce them to the cold steel of the razor?

In the beginning, there can be no doubt that it was the fashion to wear the beard just as long as it would grow. Methuselah must have had a remarkable beard, though, as he lived in a comparatively advanced epoch of human life, we cannot say whether or not he wore it in its natural plenitude. It was curious to trace the vicissitudes of the thing among the different nations and people of the world; but much time and learned investigation would be required. "Some people, among others the Turks, cut the hair off their heads, and let their beards grow.

The Europeans, on the contrary, shave their beards and wear their hair. The American savages pluck the hairs off their beards, but are proud of those on the head, etc." So far Buffon. Since Buffon's time, however, we have almost killed off all our American savages, and those that survive, at least in North America, are not so particular about their toilet as they used to be. Shaven Turks, moreover, are not rarities nowadays. Nor do the Europeans as a body fight against the beard, though we certainly do our best to keep our natural hair upon our heads.

What a vast difference there is between one beard and another? There is the long, untrammelled beard, broad and thick, which the owner caresses as if it were an infant. Men with such beards, may I think, as a rule, be trusted rather more than other men. Can you imagine a Venetian Doge or a Member of the Council of Ten without a beard? I cannot. If you have seen a man of mark fondle his long beard during the processes of reflection, you will be apt to wonder whether or not his mind would lose its equilibrium if he were in the night to be clean shaven.

On the other hand, what of the trim little tuft that our friends of southern Europe and France still affect when they consent at all to the woolngs of the unbegotten beard that is in them? You might be willing enough to believe that the wearers of such tortured shadows of a beard had in like manner coerced their better consciousness. Are they likely to be at the service of the virtues which dwell within them? By no means wholly. Even as they prune their beard after the fashionable model, so you may perhaps feel sure they will cut and trim their conduct that it may be no better and perhaps no worse than that of their fellow men.

A long, wide-spreading beard is in itself a certificate of character. That is why you see it on the chins of the arch-mendicants of our metropolises.

Not so the other kinds of beards. A certain biographer of Machiavelli, a few years ago, printed the following odd sentences: "His complexion was black, and he had a long thin beard. He was thus in every respect contemptible." This is logic with a vengeance; but it may be offered to my readers as a warning. The world is a very impetuous judge, and is almost as sure to form an estimate of you upon the manner of your beard as upon the various testimonials of reputation which your deeds or your acquaintance are able to supply you with.

Sir Richard Burton, in one of his early books of travel, gives us some useful information on this subject. It will be especially useful to those of us who are likely to have much or even a little to do with Orientals. The words have a local application to the Providence of Scinde; but their good sense will carry far beyond the watershed of the Indus which traverses that somewhat tiresome and dull district.

"Concerning your beard:

"You must not wear it too long. The people have a proverb that long-bearded individuals are, generally speaking, fools, and it is an inconvenient appendage, more troublesome than a wife, or daughter in her teens, requiring black silks bags to protect it from the dust and sun, oils of all kinds to prevent its thinning, dye every three days, and so on.

"You must not clip it too short, on peril of being of being a 'fast' man.

"In conversation you must caress your beard with your right hand. If you wish to be emphatic, swear by it. Be careful in what sentence you allude to it; if you speak of anything offensive and your beard in the same breath, you will have committed a mistake, which man will not soon forget. And which you promise by your beard, recollect that you have pleged your honor.

"If a man seize your beard in anger, you are justified, paganly speaking, of course, in clutching your dagger, and sending your insulter to 'kingdom come' without benefit of clergy.

"If, on the contrary, a woman, or even a man, in all the humility of supplication, apply the tips of trembling fingers to the 'antennæ of your compassionate feelings,' grant, if possible, the request for the honor of your beard."

This is interesting, if only to show the many uses to which a part of our frame, which most of us are so ready to dispense with, may be applied. These Scindians are, moreover, fond of dyeing their beards. In such a case one would like to know if an oath upon a black beard would hold good if the oathmonger subsequently colored his beard a brick-red or a sky blue. It seems improbable, especially among a people so smart at evasive tricks and ruses as these Orientals. Obviously, too, an engagement made "by my beard" could be absolutely avoided by getting the beard removed root and crop.

A HYENA HUNT.

The "Bombay Gazette" in describing a run with the Bombay hounds, in which a hyena broke away after the preliminary capture of a legitimate jackal, says:

"A find was made immediately after the throw-off, and splendid music re-echoed among the trees before the field had quite time to get properly settled down to the morning's work. Master jackal, however, kept to covert as long as he could, affording opportunity for collection of the riders' wits, and when he at last broke away he was followed by the entire field. The lines at first lay through some gardens, and the ground was rather soft, but it soon after crossed the open paddy land beyond, and jack was then viewed making straight for the hills which border the western side of the upper harbor.

"He ran well and hard, but the hounds were swifter, and they got him before he had gone a mile. The master then led round the hill on the right, and bore away towards Sion, drawing such covert as was passed, but without success. The hounds were then thrown on to the small steep and rocky hill near Sion, on the eastern side of which is the magazine. The master climbed the hill with the hounds, the field mostly remaining below till after some five minutes.

"Looking over the crest, the master announced that the hounds had gone away in full cry down the other side. Round the base of the hill went the whole field, but only to find that a return to covert had be n made. The hounds, hidden by the grown-growth, were heard working hard on the hill-face, their music telling they were close upon a varmint, until it became so loud and fierce that one of our oldest sportsmen gave it as his opinion that they were on a hyena and not a jackal.

"A break to the northward soon after showed in truth that the old sportsman's conjecture was right, for a large hyena was viewed making round the hillside with the whole pack pressing him hard. Once or twice he was bowled over, but only to recover himself, and he eventually again took to covert on the hill. A number of the field now dismounted and tried to dislodge him with hunting crops, but he held his ground and kept the hounds at bay till he was unearthed by one of the hunters who had somehow procured a sword

"He then broke finally from the hill and made from the open ground adjoining the Coorial road. He was closely followed by the hounds, and stopped to turn on them every now and again, till finally, when pretty well exhausted, he took to the water in some salt-pans. Here he turned at bay, and was then attacked with a couple of hunting-crops by keen sportsmen who had dismounted.

"The hunting-crops were scarcely sufficient for him, when the gentleman with the sword again appeared on the scene, and the two combined finished him off. The hyena was a somewhat unexpected find, and though there was considerable excitement in hunting and killing him, there was a general feeling that a good run after a swift, straight jack would have been better sport. A hyena was found some years ago by the hounds on the hill, and it was probably surprise people to learn there are beauties of this nature so close to their doors."

A Blind Man's Dog.—A street sight yesterday, say "the Providence Journal," was that of a blind man about 30 years of age accompanied by a brown spaniel dog. The dog wears a sort of harness, from which dangles a number of bells, which attract the attention of the passer-by. To the back of the harness is attached a chain, which the man holds in his hand while walking, and by which he is guided about.

The blind man is John D. Keller, and the dog answers to the call of Rooster. Rooster is possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. He serves as protector, champion, and guide to his master, and under no circumstances is found wanting.

Without any special instructions he guided his master up and down the thickly peopled thoroughfares, keeping close to the buildings meanwhile. At every store and hallway he turns in and allows Keller to offer for sale his stock of pencils, whistles, and combs which he carries about.

At every curbstone and crossing he halts and the bells step ringing. This is the sign to his master that there is danger. Keller says he needs no other companion; and that in a strange city he feels far safer with the dog than he would if he were accompanied by a child, as Rooster thoroughly understands him and is not attracted by the show windows or stray objects.

Keller has owned Rooster about a year and has trained him himself. This is the fifth dog he had had since he began his wanderings. On entering a room all he has to do to find a seat is to say, "Rooster, get me a chair," and the dogs leads him to one if there is one in the room.

Rooster and his master have traveled all over New England and New York together and through many Western cities. They will remain in Providence about a week longer, and then work their way toward the Southern States for the winter.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It has been frequently remarked since the Chicago Fair closed that more merchants have advertised themselves as prize winners there than were exhibitors ten times over. Many of these enterprising men will be disgusted to learn that a United States Secret Service officer has been ordered to look them up and enforce the law against that kind of fraud on the public.

The great stretch of country lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, from the Canadian line to the Arkansas river, was but little known twenty years ago, and over its vast plains roamed ten of thousands of buffaloes. To-day there remains of these large herds a remnant of barely 2000 head, and it is not known that a dozen are outside the confines of the National Park, State parks and private herds.

A liberty tree is about to be planted in California, emblematic of the patriotism of the extreme West. The tree is to be nourished by earth taken from the battlefield of the first battle of the Revolution, by earth from both Washington's and Lafayette's graves, more earth from Bunker Hill, from the trenches at Valley Forge, additional soil from the field of Concord, and several big shovelsful from the grave of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The new Library of Congress at Washington has two porches, which are to be decorated with figures of famous writers of the past, each figure to stand between columns that support the porches. On one side there are four, on another side there are five openings to be decorated with likenesses. These nine statues are as follows: Demosthenes, Dante, Franklin, Goethe, Macaulay, Scott, Irving, Emerson and Hawthorne. The sculpturing will be done by Herbert Adams, Jonathan Hartley and F. Wellington Ruckstuhl.

The Zootheramic Institute in Rome is a "cure" place where people go to drink fresh blood for the cure of gout, rheumatism and the great prostration and anæmia caused by the malarial fevers of the Tontine Marshes. The blood to be imbibed is first rapidly freed from fibrin by a carefully aseptic method, the animals from which it is derived having previously undergone inspection by a veterinary surgeon. Some patients bathe either a part or whole of the body in the warm blood, and, the Italian doctors think, with great benefit.

It is now almost universally acknowledged by competent authorities that inebriety is a disease, physical as well as mental and moral, and to give the pledge of total abstinence to the inveterate drunkard without specific instructions what to do next, and expect him to keep it, is to look for a stupendous effort which only the man of sound mental energy and bodily vigor can perform. But is of extreme importance, and if skillfully directed will wean away the craving naturally and without danger to the individual. All salted and heavy food stuffs should be avoided. To cultivate a distaste for alcohol, oranges are more effective than almost anything else known. They should be taken, one at a time, before breakfast, at 11 A. M., at 1 P. M., at 3 P. M., at 6 P. M., and the last thing on retiring. Apples and lemon juice are also excellent.

About 1000 of the Chinese women in San Francisco are in bondage. This represents about 50 per cent. of the Chinese women living in that city. A writer who has investigated the subject says that a good-looking, healthy girl of 8 or 10 years of age in Canton is worth about $150. Before the purchase is completed she is carefully examined to be sure that she has no hereditary taint. If found to be healthy a contract is executed between the parents of the girl and the purchaser, stipulating that she shall be kindly treated and provided with nutritious food and suitable clothing until she is of marriageable age, when her master is bound by Chinese custom to provide her with a husband. On her marriage she becomes a free woman. If she is sold it is also provided that her purchaser shall bind himself not to sell her or use her for immoral purposes.

"I witnessed an incident last year," says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "that showed that there is a strong feeling of pity among birds, and that sometimes they are as charitable as men. A pair of robins had their nest in the fence near by the house, while a pair of catbirds had built theirs in a bush close by. The two pairs hatched out their young at about the same time, and for a short while everything went along smoothly. Then the robins disappeared entirely and I concluded they had been killed. The young robins, who had depended on their parents for food, appeared to be starving. When the catbirds came with a worm or bit of food for their young the young robins would thrust up their heads and make a great noise. Presently it was noticed that the catbirds were feeding the hungry orphans. Every night, too, while one of the catbirds covered its own young its mate performed the same service for the young robins. In this way both broods were reared, the robins growing up as strong and lively as though they had been cared for by their own parents."

His Reasons.—A persevering canvasser recently walked into a lawyer's office in San Francisco with a new kind of alarm-clock. The man of quibbles was evidently interested, and heard him patiently to the end. When it came to his turn to get in a word—which in these cases is about once in an hour and a half—he spoke much as is hereinafter contained:

"My friend, I firmly believe that that alarm-clock is worth seven dollars, as you state, and that you are foolish to offer it to me for two and a half; that it will go off every half-hour for sixteen months without winding up, and wake up an elephant every pop. My heart tells me this is true, and I am simply aching to give you four times the price you demand. But, when I inform you that I have an infant three months old at home, afflicted with perpetual wakefulness, and a youngster going on three, who insists on having a drink of water at regular intervals during the night, and never sleeps after four o'clock in the morning, do you not think that my investment in this beautiful invention which you are retailing might, in a measure, be characterised as extravagant?"

The clock agent sighed deeply, put up his alarum, and retired.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

John Wedderburn,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 365. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

A TALE OF A HAMMOCK.

BY M. C. G.

THE princess lay in her hammock, fanned by her slave.

"Slave," said the princess, "tell me a story."

"Once upon a time," said the slave, "it was very hot, and every minute it grew hotter and hotter, and when evening came it was hotter than ever, and the little boys and girls couldn't sleep, because it was so hot."

The princess lay quite still, and, though it was so hot, began to think.

"And there was a big girl and a little boy," said the slave, "and they had a new hammock, which belonged to both of them, only the big girl kept it all the time, though it was such a hot day.

But the princess was not listening to the slave, she was thinking and planning.

"And as it grew hotter and hotter," said the slave, "the little boy couldn't bear it any longer; he wanted a turn in a hammock, and he tipped, tipped, tipped——"

The slave dropped his fan, and tipped, tipped, tipped, and the princess rolled out of the hammock on to the grass.

"Now she'll be cross," thought the slave; but, to his surprise, the girl rolled over and then picked herself up.

"Martin," she said—quite forgetting all about the princess and her slave—"Martin, I've thought of something lovely——"

"What is it?" said Martin, climbing into the hammock. "Am I to be a prince, and are you to be a slave, and fan me?"

"Listen to me," said his sister. "You know how hot it is——"

Martin nodded lazily.

"To-night we will sleep out of doors in the hammock,"

"In the hammock, Ida? Why, there wouldn't be room," said Martin; "and besides, we should be frightened."

"You might," said Ida scornfully. "Very well; don't come if you don't want. I shall fasten up the hammock in the summer-house, and I shall get cushions and rugs, and be as comfortable as comfortable."

Ida began to unfasten the hammock; so Martin was obliged to get out, and as she marched off to the summer-house, he followed her.

He knew quite well that he would end by doing as Ida wished, but he tried to raise objections.

"Nurse won't let us."

"She won't be asked," said Ida.

"Mother will be cross."

"Mother never is cross long," said Ida.

And at last, when Ida promised that he should sleep in the hammock the first half of the night, he began to think it might be fun.

When he found that the rest of the afternoon was to be spent in secretly carrying cushions and rugs to the summer-house, he began to think it very good fun indeed.

The two children were quite tired out by evening, and nurse found them willing to go to bed in excellent time.

Five minutes after she left them, those two bad children were out of bed, and ten minutes after they were out in the garden, arrayed in dressing-gowns, slippers, and shawls.

Not one word did either of them speak. Ida was trying not to shout, and Martin was rather frightened of the dark.

Martin stumbled over something, and gave a little shriek.

"Hush!" said Ida, "it's only the croquet mallet you didn't put away."

"The trees make such a noise," said Martin, not at all sorry that the summer-house was reached at last.

"Now I'll help you into the hammock," said Ida, "and then you'll see how cool and comfortable you will be, and how glad that we didn't stay in our stupid beds."

"What's that?" said Martin.

Ida did not answer. She felt just a little bit frightened.

"Look," cried Martin, "two of them, and they are moving!"

Two things, shining and bright, were moving on the bed of rugs which Ida had prepared for herself.

Martin looked at the summer house door. Then Ida began to laugh.

"Only an old cat," she said. "Be off with you! Go away, cat!"

With a loud "Miaow," the cat bounced down from the seat and out of the door, almost upsetting Martin.

"Don't you think—" began Martin.

"Now we'll lie down," said Ida; and, as usual, Martin obeyed.

After much arranging of rugs, and turning and tumbling, they were both settled.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Ida.

"Miaow!" said a cat outside.

"Ida, did you shut the door?" asked Martin. "Can the cat come in?"

"Who minds a cat?" said Ida, but she took off her slipper and threw it at the door. There was quite a chorus of "miaows."

"Isn't it jolly listening to the trees?" said Ida.

Martin felt doubtful, but he also began to feel sleepy. The hammock certainly was very comfortable. Just as he was dropping off to sleep he was roused by Ida.

"I say, Martin," said she, "you have had your half of the night. It's my turn for the hammock now."

"Why, Ida, I haven't been to sleep," protested Martin.

"Not asleep?" said Ida. "Do you snore when you are awake? It must be quite two o'clock. Jump up, I'll make you comfortable among the rugs, and then——"

Martin seized hold of her arm.

"Ida," he said, "look there! There's a ghost! It's coming this way."

"Don't be silly, Martin," said Ida; but as she looked, she began to feel frightened too. There was something moving quickly through the trees.

"And they will all be in bed and asleep," said Ida. "They won't hear us if we scream."

"It's coming," said Martin; and he ran out of the summer-house into the garden.

"Master Martin! Miss Ida!" called the ghost.

Ida ran to meet it, and flinging her arms around its neck, burst out crying. It was nurse.

"Oh, Miss Ida, what a fright you've given me! And where is Master Martin?"

Ida could only sob, and nurse picked the big girl up and carried her indoors.

They found Martin in his own little bed, white and trembling, and nurse had hard work to soothe and calm the children.

"What have you been doing?" she said.

"What's the time?" asked Martin.

"Nearly three o'clock," said Ida.

"Nearly three o'clock!" said nurse. "What is the matter with the children? Listen; there's a clock striking—"

Ida counted. The clock struck ten times.

"I thought we'd been out all night," said Ida.

"All night, indeed!" said nurse. "What were you doing out of doors all? But we will settle that in the morning. You've punished yourselves enough to-night."

And nurse tucked them up, and left them. But they didn't go to sleep very quickly. Martin was wishing he had never left his bed; and Ida was saying over and over to herself—

"Ten o'clock! ten o'clock! Then we could only have been about an hour in the summer-house."

EFFIE'S FRIGHT.

BY G.

"WE will have some fun to-day," said Fred to his brother.

"What shall we do?" asked Edwin.

"Why, the girls are coming into the cornfield to play, and that silly little Effie Miller is coming with them," replied Fred; "and I have just thought of a good plan, and that is to give her one or two frights, so that she will want to go home, and then we shall get rid of her."

"Yes, that will do," said Edwin; "even a fly buzzing over the cake at lunch-time sends her away screaming."

Little Effie Miller had no sisters and brothers, and was very much spoiled; the nurse, who was a silly woman, gave her everything she cried for, and besides this used to tell her many silly things about spiders and black-beetles and all creatures that had wings and could fly about; and nurse said they would fly after Effie and sting her, and that the mice would nibble her fingers, and all the dogs would bite her, and the cat would scratch her; so Effie lived in constant fear lest something should hurt her.

Rose and Emma, Fred's sisters, tried to teach her better, but Fred and Edwin said that it was of no use, she must be made to suffer for being so silly. So when she came into the field, the first thing Fred did was to imitate a great humble-bee buzzing about, which he could do very well. And sometimes he buzzed so that a bee seemed to be close to Effie's ear, then round her hair, whilst Effie danced about, and cried out and flung her arms out to drive away the bee.

Edwin stood laughing and saying—

"You can't catch it, Effie."

Even Rose and Emma could scarcely help laughing, but they were sorry for Effie, and Emma took her hand and said—

"It is all nonsense, Effie, there is no bee. Come and sit on this heap of corn, by me."

And Rose said—

"You ought to be ashamed, boys," and sat down on the other side of Effie.

Effie was still for a minute or two, but suddenly she jumped up, for Edwin, who was behind, began to bark like a dog, and Fred cried out—

"Run, run, the dog is coming!"

And Effie ran, her eyes wide open with fright.

"Oh, stop, stop, Effie, there is no dog!" said Rose.

But Effie was too frightened to stop, and ran faster and faster, whilst Rose and Emma ran after her to stop her, and Fred and Edwin ran too, both barking like dogs.

"Stop, stop!" shouted Rose.

And suddenly Effie did stop, for she did not see where she was going, and slipped and fell into a ditch full of nettles. The nettles stung her face and her hands and her legs, for she had only got short socks on, and she shrieked with the pain, and felt quite certain that the dogs had caught her and were biting her.

"You cruel boys," said Rose, "it is very cowardly of you to tease Effie in this way."

And Rose and Emma pulled the sobbing Effie out of the ditch and took her home to have her stings bathed, whilst Fred and Edwin were left feeling very much ashamed of themselves.

"It was not much fun after all," said Edwin. "Who would have thought of Effie's tumbling into a bed of nettles?"

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.—One of the pleasantest things to witness is a party of young people starting on a journey. I am not speaking of those whose whole life has been self indulgence and pleasure-seeking; such rarely enjoy a trip, except when at some watering-place they can astonish beholders with an exhibition of their fine clothes. I am speaking of young people, to whom a holiday comes so seldom that it is enjoyed with a zest proportionate to its rarity.

First, there is the planning and anticipation, and previous multitudinous arrangements, over which imagination throws such an exciting halo. What matter when the day of starting dawns if it rain? It will be all the pleasanter when the sun does shine out; and anything is better than dust. If they have to rough it a little the first day, no matter; for the next morning they are overjoyed to find themselves in a strange place.

They run here, they run there; they call on Mary and Susan and Charley to see this, that, and the other. Not a stick or a stone but is suggestive of something to chatter about. Reflection may do for croakers; their intention is to crowd every minute with pleasure. And they are right. Youth comes but once. But once is it given to buckle on the armor of life, over planless, undismayed hearts.

They who have fainted under its weight look on such with pitying love, and utter no words of disenchantment. They remember how blithely they once set out on a journey, full, full, as it afterwards proved, of steep ascents and hidden pitfalls, and how, trusting their all to faint-hearted guides, they sank wearily by the wayside at last, and longed for the journey's end. What are fresh Eden-glimpses to our blithe travelers, are to them suggestive of tear-starting reminiscences.

Nature, in her fresh summer robe of green, mocks pitilessly the troubled heart. Pain anticipates the dawn. Pain is the last lagging attendant at the pillow, while slowly comes the blessed opiate, sleep. For such, changing the place changes not the pain. Blessed are they whose life-cares time has but consecrated; who, sitting by each other's side, can say "it is enough," be the road rough or smooth; who cling the closer for the tempest, and who seek shelter from it for both.

Alas! there is one journey which even "these twain like one flesh" must take singly and unattended; and Love and Pity, agonies as they may, must stand helpless by, while the timid and the loving pass, shrinking, through the "dark valley."

FROM a special Parliamentary report on "Surnames in Ireland," it is shown that "Murphy" is the commonest, there being no fewer than 62,000 persons so called, and the next in order are "Kelly," "Sullivan," "Walsh," "Smith," "O'Brien" and "Byrne."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The annual average acreage of corn in this country is 73,831,610 acres.

The Empress of Russia has a dress for which she is said to have paid $15,000.

Opossums are the only animals that make a more elaborate toilet than cats.

New York has followed Philadelphia's policy in keeping newsboys off street cars

China has an Academy of Manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.

"Pickles and New York Sunday papers" is the wording on a sign over a Chicago store

It is claimed that the only paper bottle factory in the country is in operation at Vineland, N. J.

There are fifteen ex-Governors now occupying seats in the United States Senate, and three in the House.

A farm of more than 2000 acres, near the Delaware Water Gap, is devoted entirely to the cultivation of celery.

The first Biblical mention of brick-making is in Genesis. The chronologists place the date of this reference at B. C. 2247.

The flute took its name from the flota, an eel caught in Italian waters, which has seven spots like finger holes on its sides.

Many young girls are employed as porters in Switzerland, carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steep mountain paths.

An enthusiastic New York woman is engaged in the work of raising canary birds on a large scale. She has now a thousand birds setting.

A resident of Phenix, Arizona, Territory, was fined $5 the other day for going to sleep in the court room and disturbing proceedings by snoring.

A Circuit Court Judge of Chicago is said to have passed 450 applications for citizenship within four hours the other day, an average of one every 17 seconds.

A horse 36 years of age, with a remarkable fondness for whisky, died recently at Reading. The animal frequently drank a pint of liquor in a pail of water

The Chinese have a kitchen god, which is supposed to go to the Chinese heaven at the beginning of each year to report upon the private life of the families under his care.

It is an expensive business to be robbed in Chicago. Dr. Moffet was robbed in a street car, and when he made a fuss about it he was fired off the car, arrested, jailed and fined $5.

The police of New Britain, Conn., recently raided a temperance saloon, and found the proprietor drawing beer from a combination faucet, which furnished beer, kerosene or water.

As a result of a recent revival at Farmland, Indiana, all the workmen in a large factory there have joined the church, and the day's labors are started with prayers every morning

The manufacture of ikons, the sacred images so universally venerated by orthodox Russians, is one of the largest household industries of Central Russia, where 2,000,000 are turned out every year.

A manuscript letter written by Lord Nelson with his left hand, just three months after he had lost his right hand, was among a collection of autograph letters recently offered for sale in London.

Walter Rauschenbusch, of New York city, is planning the construction of a model bath house to occupy an entire block. He intends to have the baths arranged for both sexes and to charge 5 cents.

Two Chicago boys, aged 9 and 10 years respectively, were arrested at Valparaiso, Indiana, a short time ago, charged with picking pockets. They are reported as being well known as unruly youths.

Miss Mary Hughitt Halliday, a Cairo, Ill., girl, educated at Vassar and Packer, has been elected president of the Woman's Art Club of Sculptors and Painters in Paris. She has been in Paris only a year and is very young

The "gospel push-cart," a small, portable chapel, lighted by electricity and moved about by three men or a horse, is coming into use in Australia. It is carpeted and has chairs and an organ, while one side can be let down, forming a platform.

The Cherokee Legislature has at last agreed upon a bill to divide the $3,000,000 received from the sale of the Strip bonds per capita among all the Cherokee people. This will give every man, woman and child in the tribe over $600 in cash.

A firm of cigar manufacturers in New York have started a system of giving away their goods to smokers whose names have been secured in one way or another from club lists, wholesale dealers and hotel registers. They send two cigars, one light and the other heavy, by mail, inclosed in a box and wrapped in tin foil, accompanied by a note, in which they state that they know the man to whom the cigars are sent as a smoker of discrimination and judgment, and are very anxious to have his opinion concerning them.

IN GRIEVING.

BY CHARLOTTE ELEANOR.

There is a joy in grieving,
A luxury in tears,
When much-loved friends are leaving,
And hearts are rack'd with fears:
When through the lonely dwelling
No pleasant footsteps fall,
No cheering voices telling
A pleasure to us all.

We miss the gladsome faces
At twilight's lonely hour,
And oft we see their traces,
A book, perhaps a flower.
These in themselves are trifles,
Yet precious souvenirs,
Which from the pain'd heart rifles,
Relieving it with tears.

TATTERED VOLUMES.

The manner in which books are regarded by literary workers is a somewhat curious subject, and a short account thereof may possibly prove not uninteresting.

Among those who have won more or less fame by the pen may be counted many different specimens of the book-lover, from the genuine bibliomaniac to the voracious and tasteless readers who regards a book as mere leather and paper—a collection of material for the acquisition of knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to remark that there is often a wide discrepancy between a man's tastes and desires and their fulfilment. Many a book-lover lacks the wherewithal to approach in any way to his idea of a suitable covering for his favorite volumes. Sometimes one has to turn amateur bookbinder. Even Southey occasionally bound a volume himself. He once presented a copy of his "Madoc," in quarto, to a neighbor and friend in the Lake District, and the volume is still in existence, with the following inscription:

Mr. Stranger, from the author.
This book, binding and all,
Is the handiwork of Greta Hall.
R. S.

Leigh Hunt, speaking of Matthias Corvinus, who bound his books in vellum and gold, says: "Not being a king of Hungary, nor rich, nor having a confessor to absolve us from sins of expenditure, how lucky is it that we can take delight in books whose outsides are of the homeliest description! . . . We should have liked to challenge the majesty of Hungary to a bout at bookbinding, and seen which would have ordered the most intense and ravishing 'legatura,' something at which De Seuil or Grolier himself should have 'sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again;' something which would have made him own that there was nothing between it and an angel's wing. Meantime, nothing comes amiss to us but dirt or tatters, or cold, plain calf, school binding—a thing which which we hate for its insipidity and formality."

Burton, in his "Book-hunter," gives an amusing account of De Quincey's famous collection of books. "Some legend there is of a book creditor having forced his way into the Cacus den, and there seen a sort of rubble inner wall of volumes, with their edges outward; while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheepskin and the aristocratic russian, were squeezed into certain tubs drawn from the washing establishment of a confiding landlady."

The famous reviewer Jeffrey treated with disdain the bookbinder's delicate art. Books were merely meant to be read, he contended, and he was quite satisfied so long as the words were visible.

Lord Cockburn laments the fact that Jeffrey's library was, "for a lover of books, and for one who had picked up a few, most wretched; and so ill cared for that the want even of a few volumes never disturbed him."

Carlyle, in his Reminiscences, describes the study of his brilliant countryman as "a roomy, not overneat, apartment on the ground-floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book-rows and paper bundles. On one, or perhaps two, of the tables, were bookshelves, likewise well filled, but with books in tattery, ill-bound, or unbound condition."

It was Burton's opinion that in this respect "poets are apt to be ragamuffins." Wordsworth holds a high position in the ranks of those gentry. His library was once described as "the most wretched thing that ever went by the name—a mere litter of tattered old volumes on a few shelves." De Quincey, by no means inclined towards bibliomania, describes the books of the great Lake poet as "ill-bound or not bound at all—in boards, sometimes in tatters; many of them imperfect as to the number of volumes as well as mutilated as to the number of pages."

James Thomson also belonged to the brigade of ragamuffins. It is said that he used to cut the leaves of books with his snuffers. There is a good story of the poet in Burton's Book-hunter, which deserves to be given at length. "He had," says Burton, "an uncle, a clever, active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James's indolent, dreamy, "feckless" character with impatient digust. When the first of the "Seasons"—Winter it was, I believe—had been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's scepticism; and, to propitiate his good opinion, he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers, in grateful admiration, exclaimed: "Come, is that really our Jamie's doin' now? Weel, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to do the like!"

Goldsmith was as careless with his books as with his money; and though his library at one time contained many curious and rare books, he never hesitated to tear out a leaf to save either time or trouble.

Sir John Hawkins relates how, when engaged on his historical researches about music, Goldsmith told him some curious things one night at the club. Hawkins asked him to put them in writing, and promised to call for them. Of course, Goldsmith was not ready when his friend called, but he quickly took down a book and tore out six leaves containing the information.

Grains of Gold.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.

Before we can do much good we must first be good.

Some fellows get very low down in getting up in the world.

Some people never feel religious until they get in a tight place.

The man who buries his talent might about as well bury himself.

Religion that does not change a man's heart cannot change his life.

You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others.

Whatever sin has caused in the human race it may cause in you.

Selfishness cannot be made to know the meaning of true happiness.

Lessons learned in the school of experience are remembered the longest.

You have found out what a man is when you have found out what he loves.

The man who quarrels with his lot in life helps the devil to make him miserable.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

The man who has the least in him is generally the one who talks the most about himself.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the chimerical idea they form of the happiness of others.

If a tenth part of the felicities that are enjoyed in the region of imagination could be imported into regions terrestrial, what a delightful thing it would be to awake each morning to see such a world once more!

Femininities.

Woman's fame is the tomb of her happiness.

Usually when a woman's ear begins to burn she is talking about somebody.

A misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer.

Mrs. James Webster, a Ballston, N. Y., woman aged 57 years, gave birth to twins a few days ago.

Six women officiated as pall-bearers at the funeral of Annie Jackson, at St. Joseph, Missouri, recently.

Signora Crispi, wife of the Italian Prime Minister, is a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. Crispi does not use tobacco in any form.

Teacher: "You should take a lesson from your sisters, you naughty boy. Girls don't fight." Little Johnnie: "They does when they gets as old as me."

A bright young country woman answers the question, "What is your idea of luxury?" with the suggestion—"The possession of something I don't own!"

A woman seeking divorce through the courts at Detroit, Michigan, announced in her complaint that her husband once said he hoped to live to dance over her grave.

A cotton vest made from a piece of cloth woven 114 years ago is owned by John B. Perry, of Dawson, Georgia. The cotton was woven by Mr. Perry's great grandmother.

A woman in London pursues a curious occupation, that of taking new shoes and wearing them long enough to remove the tight stiffness that new shoes are apt to have.

A woman dentist has hung out her shingle in Holly. As she is young and pretty, she has lots of business, and the youths of the place are said to almost enjoy getting their teeth pulled.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Brown, who died at Pawtucket, R. I., lately, aged over 99 years, was survived by four generations, including seven children, whose ages range from 55 to 70 years.

The Earl of Lovelace, who died in England recently at the age of 88 years, was the husband of Byron's daughter—"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," as Byron has it in "Childe Harold."

Rosa Bonheur has had the ribbon of the Legion of Honor since 1865. She has now been raised to the rank of officer. Many women have the ribbon; but she is said to be the only one to reach the higher grade.

The average woman walks further in a week than a drover, she stands on her feet more than a blacksmith, she defies the laws of health more than the Indian, and then wonders why she "isn't well like other folks."

Miss Flighty, about to refuse a proposal of marriage: "I shall be plain with you." Mr. Sayitwell: "Impossible, Miss Flighty. One of your beauty could never be plain under any circumstances." And she changed her mind.

A debating society in a coeducational college out West has got all broken up over the question: "If a girl really likes a young man, is it possible for him to kiss her against her will?" The members of the society stopped debating the question finally and went to trying to see.

Miss Van Pelt, of Russell, Ky., was to have been married to a Maryland man. He didn't appear at the hour set for the ceremony and everything was in confusion. Later in the day she got a telegram saying that he had died suddenly on a railway train. She has been prostrated with grief ever since.

Princess Clementine, favorite daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, is about to take the veil. She is said to believe that there is a curse upon her family, and hopes to avert it by devoting her life to religion. Her mother long ago consented, but the King has only recently added his consent that she shall take the step.

S. O. Kendall, a farmer near Callaway, Neb., advertised for a wife, and had a delightful courtship by mail, lasting ninety days, with a Michigan woman. Then he sent her money to pay her fare to Callaway and buy a trousseau. He got an answer saying that she had decided to remain single, but would keep the money.

Just several shades removed from the chameleon fad is the idea of wearing snake skins for neckties, but the fashion is growing in Baltimore. It promises to become quite the proper caper to be seen in immaculate morning suit of the latest London cut, with the tanned entrails of a three-foot reptile neatly tied around the snowy "choker" collar, or whatever other style of linen neckwear happens to be the rage.

A New York paper wonders why women lose diamonds so much oftener than men. It says that one hardly ever hears of a man losing a diamond pin or button, though great numbers are worn, and then it goes on to cite a few recent cases of such losses by women, adding that the people who have charge of theatres are continually picking up jewels after the audience has left the house, and the box officers report that they are almost invariably reclaimed by women.

Masculinities.

Thousands drink themselves to death to where one dies of thirst.

The fool is a man who goes up to a blockhead and implores him to be sensible.

Dr. Helbring, the German physician, claims to have cured 20 cases of frostbite by the use of electricity.

A Buffalo barber displays this sign: Hair cutting—Ordinary mortals, 15 cents; football players, 50 cents.

The one point upon which a henpecked husband and his wife agree is when she wishes she were a man.

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, has completed the translation of Horace upon which he had been engaged for some time.

Mrs. James Cleveland, who died at Westwood, New Jersey, recently, aged 42 years, had been married five times.

Mrs. Hannah Bedell, who died at Hempstead, Long Island, the other day, in her 99th year, was survived by 165 descendants.

Only three United States Senators were born in foreign lands—McMillan in Canada, Paseo in England, and Walsh in Ireland.

A writer states that Queen Victoria's will is engrossed in vellum, quarto size, and is bound as a volume and secured by a private lock.

Abram Conant, who evidently strove to be the father of his country, died recently at Jacksonville, Fla., in his 95th year, leaving 40 children.

The grave of John Boyle O'Reilly, at Holyhood, near Boston, will be marked by a stone which was brought from O'Reilly's native place in Ireland.

When a woman falls in love you can't make her believe all men are alike, and when she has been married ten years you can't make her believe that they are not.

The arrangement of the trees in Blenheim Park, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, are said to represent the order of the battle which gave name to the estate.

Madame: "Do my hair, Felice, while I am down to breakfast."

Felice: "Yes, madame; which color?"

Madame: "The black, please; I am going to a funeral."

Empress Eugenie writes all her letters with the famous "diamond pen" with which the treaty of Paris was signed. It is a quill plucked from a golden eagle's wing and mounted with diamonds and gold.

The Kelworth chestnut, near Gloucester, England, was a boundary tree in King Stephen's reign, and is spoken of as an old tree in the annals of King John's reign. It measures 58 feet in circumference.

An optimist is a woman with a new summer bonnet. A pessimist is a woman without a new summer bonnet. An optimist is a man with a baby one day old. A pessimist is a man with a baby 183 nights old and teething.

"I don't see how you can tell which is the daughter and which is the son in this picture, they look so much alike with their ulsters on."

"Oh, no trouble about that. The one that looks as if it could speak is the daughter."

In Warsaw a society has been formed for the encouragement of good servants. Every servant who can produce testimonials showing that she has performed her duties to the satisfaction of her employers for a term of two years will get a prize given by the society.

A Springfield, Conn., bank president has recently finished the task of writing his name on each of 18,000 new $5 bills. He might have had his name printed on the bills from an engraved block, as the law allows, but he preferred to sign his name in the old fashioned way.

"Sharp man, that editor!"

"How?"

"Widow sued him and got judgment for $100."

"Yes?"

"Married the widow, got a divorce for $60, and had $40 left out of the $100."

Blue-eyed men are the most sentimental of the species; at least this is what an eminent physiognomist says. They are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex. They melt under the warmth of one ardent glance; have emotional, mercurial affections, but are found by the coquettes to be easier game to bag than to hold.

"That horrid Miss Tattler acts as though she didn't want to speak to me when we meet."

"I know, but think how much worse she could treat you."

"I don't know how."

"Why, she might want to be friendly."

The medal given annually to the best marksman in the National Guard of the District of Columbia was awarded to Colonel Cecil Clay, a one-armed man, who, when at peace, is Chief Clerk of the Department of Justice, and when at war is major of one of the battalions of the Washington militia. His average at the weekly tests was higher than that of any other competitor.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

All kinds of charming possibilities present themselves in the matter of weather, and in the present sunshine our thoughts revert to washing gowns. The crinkled crepons have been brought out this year in stripes which form checks, the colorings brightly intermingled; pink, gray, green and brown appear in one piece, and light yellow and gray with chints lines in another, and they will be made up with plain tones. String color is fashionable in Paris, and there is a large selection of lawns with white, blue and brown fancy spots, which are likely to make charming gowns, and so will plain colored muslin with narrow crinkled stripes, alternating with a narrow interwoven lace, in such attractive tones as pink, blue and fawn.

Last year a great deal of white was worn, and all the prettiest fashions in weaving have been repeated in white. The lace effects and the satin like brocades on a bright surface are irresistible. The washing drills, plain and striped, in more colors than we have hitherto had, will be largely used by the tailor; and so will the pretty spotted linens—white on blue, or black on pink or red, together with many other printed linens, admirable for children as well as grown-up people. The zephyrs have corded stripes as well as checks; and the tiny checks in batiste, especially pink and white, threaten to be much worn. Those who are going to the seaside should invest in a marine twill, with a navy ground and a twisted cord stripe. Plain grounds with natural looking flowers, light and dark, never fail to please; and the washing crepons appear in checks and stripes, and every kind of new aspect, all of them charming. The graduated stripes, from narrow to wide, in one color on white, are most inexpensive, and make the most summer like dresses

There are, however, many women who prefer woolen to cotton as much more durable, requiring neither washing nor ironing, and for them there are warm, comfortable diagonal cloths for the dark weather, which must come sometimes, as well as checked stuffs, such as the Cheriton, thin and comfortable in its wear, even on a hot day. The Sheffield is a double width material in pretty speckled colorings, and there are many bright delaines, the crinkled Edelweiss in plain colors, and tiny small patterns interwoven in the material, such as the Killarney. Among the best examples for summer wear is the Iolanthe, in which two tones are interwoven, such as brown and lichen, or peach and picotee, with a satin face, with minute spots and lines in a contrasting, color, gray mingling with pink. There are many other stuffs in which silk appears, and make handsome, rich-looking dresses. The black woolens display satin-like surfaces, open-work stripes, and every variety of weaving, and no one, even in the hottest weather, need now dream of wearing dresses too hot for the occasion, for some of these black fabrics are of the lightest texture.

The new woolen skirtings show every variety of stripe, and particularly pretty mixtures of colors.

A new reversible silk shows a mauve ground with a pale-green spot on one side and a violet one on the other. Fancy novelties in "summer velvet" have colored spots on one side and show up well when combined with black or dark-green satin. Fine reversible wool fabrics in two colors are employed with stylish and novel effect in the making of skirt and jacket costumes. The reverse side is used for the revers, bretelles, cuffs, etc., and for the narrow ruche at the skirt-hem, the pleating of the ruche showing touches of color on both the right side of the cloth and its reverse side.

The silky French and India cashmeres are regaining their place in fashionable favor which they lost when dull-surfaced, shaggy textiles became so popular. Cashmere, one of the best wearing materials we have, was banished because of its glossiness, which was then a fault, but now, by a turn of fashion's wheel, has developed into a virtue. There is an extra gloss upon the face of the new cashmeres, for they are finer and silkier than ever. The embroidered patterns in dress lengths find ready purchasers. These embroidered robes are not in a strict sense new. It is only the lapse of time that allows the distinction of novelty. The embroidered designs are usually detached, and look as if hand wrought with silk floss, the brightness of the silk considerably enhancing the glossiness of the cashmere. The robe, as it is called, is a combination of plain and embroidered material, and this allows for variety, and an exercise of artistic taste in making up.

Simple and stylish costumes for the season are composed of silk and satin skirts, gored or bell shaped, and finished with a narrow pleated ruche of the silk cut bias, and turned under on each edge to form a tiny frill top and bottom. With these skirts are worn elegantly fitted jackets, some with basques, others in continuous princess form, the skirts slashed to the belt, thus giving a slenderer effect to the figure than the straight all-around arched-seam basque. The jackets are made of plain tailor cloth of light weight, of one or the other color on the striped skirt.

Physicians declare that the spotted veils are making the oculists rich, so much do they injure the sight.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Cleaning Blankets. — A clear, sunny, windy day is the proper one to select for cleaning the blankets, and only one pair should be done at a time. The first act in the process is to hang them on the line and shake all the dust out of them. A pound of soap cut in small pieces and boiled in a couple of quarts of water until it is dissolved and then mixed with half a pound of powdered borax should be added to half a tub of water no hotter nor colder than the outside air. Into this the blankets should be pressed. They should not be rubbed. When they have soaked for a couple of hours rinse them in several waters, all of the same temperature as the outside air. When the water in which the blankets have been rinsed is clear they are clean and it is time to hang out. They should not be wrung, but hung out dripping wet. If the waters have been kept at the right temperature th re will be no shrinking. They must be hung perfectly even. In five or six hours they will be perfectly soft, clean, sweet and fresh.

White Mountain Rolls.– Four cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one quarter cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third of a cake of compressed yeast, half a tablespoonful of salt, white of one egg beaten stiff; have the milk warm; add the butter, melted warm, not hot, salt, sugar, yeast, and flour; mix well; add the white of the egg, the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand; let them rise over night; in the morning roll into shape; cut and fold over, or make in any other shape; bake in a quick oven after they have stood one hour.

Washington Pie.—One egg, one cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of butter, one half cupful of sweet milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in round tin, and when cold, split, and put in filling of jelly or custard; use boiled frosting or sifted pulverized sugar thickly over the top.

In boiling macaroni it is fatal to permit it to stop boiling for a moment until done. Have plenty of salted water in the saucepan at the boiling point when the sticks are added, and when they are tender throw a glass of cold water to stop the cooking suddenly, and drain at once. After that it may be served in various ways.

Every housewife knows the vexations that comes with the discovery of a fresh spot (caused by a man's head or a child's hand rubbed against it) upon her pretty wall paper. These offenses may be entirely removed by powdered and slightly moistened pipe clay diligently applied.

It is a favorite fad just now to cover a book with a scrap of brocaded silk, sometimes padding it by a layer of cotton wadding underneath. Two ribbons are attached to opposite sides by which to tie it together, and a dainty gift is formed which is inexpensive but rich in appearance.

If your tea or coffee-pot has become discolored inside, put into it a teaspoonful of baking soda and fill it two-thirds full of water, and let it boil two hours. Wash and rinse before using.

Doughs that stick to rolling pin, board and hands in a hot kitchen should be set away till thoroughly chilled, but all trouble might have been saved by using cold fat, flour and liquid at first, and the texture of the dough would have been better.

You should always remember, housewives, that a mirror will surely present a clouded surface, no matter how diligently rubbed, if it is hung where the direct rays of the sun shine upon it.

Tomato or lemon juice make bad stains, often upon one's clothing. This discoloration can be easily and entirely removed by washing in a weak solution of ammonia.

Whalebones which have become bent and misshapen can be made "as good as new" by soaking them a few hours in water then drying them.

When the edge of the rose-blanket becomes worn it may be neatly button-holed with Scotch yarn or worsted to match the borders in color.

Cream should whip three times its bulk, producing three quarts of whipped cream from one of unwhipped.

In packing gowns they will be found to crease very little if paper is placed between the folds.

All kinds of cooked fish can be served with salads. Lettuce is the best green salad to serve, but all cooked and cold vegetables go well with fish.

VILLAGES IN CHINA.

Villages, not badly built by any means, occur at intervals of a mile or more apart all along the roads of China. Very good brick—much about the same size, shape and material as those made in this country—compose the walls of the better houses, while for the poorer of edifices mud is used.

The brick walls in China are excellent—better than the cheap brick walls in America, and but little inferior to our best preserved brick.

When villages are constructed of mud there is a striking resemblance to the villages of Egypt.

The houses have no outside windows and but one opening, which is the door. The openings for light are upon inner courts or back yards, and are without glass. The eaves are made to project, so as to keep out the rain, and in doing so; exclude much light as well. Blinds made of slats are sometimes used, and thin, light paper pasted over the slats serves to keep out some of the cold air and let in a little light.

The houses are invariably one story high, and at the bottom of this custom is a superstition that higher houses would interfere with the spirits of the air ("Fung Chui") and offend them, thus bringing disaster upon the house or village.

In front of each door, and at a distance of eight or ten feet, stands a detached wall, fifteen feet long and as high as the eaves of the house, concealing the door from any person standing in front of it. This is for the purpose of defending the house and family from the malignant "Fung Chui" or spirits, which are popularly believed to fly only in straight lines, and to be incapable of turning a corner.

It follows that when traversing the air in search of a certain house when they come in contact with the wall they are thrown off at an angle, and thus baffled of their purpose, and flying in a tangent through infinite space are lost.

A Chinese village has but little in common with those of this country either in detail or in general appearance. While the villages of America, copied from English prototypes, are peculiar from their detached and separate build, with gardens and grass plats, those of China are compact, huddled together, and present from a distance the aspect of a mere dead wall.

One peculiar aspect of all Chinese cities and villages is the absence of all steeples, spires or pinnacles of any kind.

While Mohammedan countries have the mosque, with its flashing domes and graceful minarets, and European and American centres of population are marked by lofty towers and spires, China is almost absolutely without any of those striking architectural points. The result is great monotony and dulness of aspect.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—An American lawyer who was cross-questioning some witnesses, and who had done everything in his power to confuse them, brusquely asked them, when other methods failed, to "speak up louder." The last man called, a burly countryman, decided that he would take the lawyer at his word; so, in response to the first question, what his name was, he replied, in a voice that reverberated through the building, "John Brown, sir-r-r-r!"

"I guess you've been drinking this morning," said the irate lawyer sternly.

"Yes, sir-r r-r!" replied the witness, as though calling to a neighbor two miles distant.

"I thought so," said the lawyer triumphantly. "What did you take?"

"Coffee, sir-r-r-r!" shouted the witness.

A burst of laughter from the court-room disconcerted the lawyer for a time, but, when the merriment had subsided, he asked, nothing daunted, "I guess you had a little something else in your coffee, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir-r-r r!" still came the reply.

"Ah, now we're coming to it!" said the lawyer, rubbing his hands and winking to the jury. "Now, my good man, don't be afraid, but speak right out and tell the jury just what you had in your coffee."

The witness filled his lungs for a tremendous effort, and thundered, "A spo-o o on, sir-r-r-r!"

The court room, bench, and bar were convulsed with laughter, and the badgering lawyer lost his case.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

I wish to propose for the hand of your daughter." "Which of them, young man?" "which of them? Well, I don't know. Now, in confidence, which of them would you advise a fellow to take?"

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For Internal and External Use.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	Colds, Coughs,
Inflammation,	Sciatica,
Lumbago,	Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,	Influenza,

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable.
Purely Vegetable.

—THE—

GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

PERFECTLY TASTELESS.

Over Forty Years in Use and Never Known to Fail.

Possesses properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have Long Been Acknowledged as the Best Cure for

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

☞ Full printed directions is in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

ABOUT BACTERIOLOGY.

The public interest has of late been much excited in the science of Bacteriology by the proposal to found in England a Pasteur Institute for the treatment of persons bitten by rabid animals, and more recently by the somewhat sensational reports of the supposed discovery of the Bacillus of influenza. It is noticeable that nearly all the discoveries in this science emanate from foreign laboratories, and are associated with the names of German and French observers.

Amongst the earliest problems attacked by Pasteur were those associated with the process of fermentation. Wines are liable to a number of "diseases" springing from the action of these secondary organisms. In the various wine cellars a number of empirical rules were followed which experience had shown tended to the diminution of these diseases; but, notwithstanding these, the annual loss due to totally spoilt or deteriorated wines was enormous.

To Pasteur is due in great measure the determination of the nature and origin of these diseases, and the practical methods by which their ravages may be stopped. He showed that the time of greatest danger of disease was after the cessation of the primary and desired fermentation, and that the disease-causing organisms were killed by a short exposure to a temperature of one hundred and thirty six degrees Fahrenheit.

The practical method devised by Pasteur —and known as Pasteurization—consists in slowly raising the wine, with many precautions to avoid access of air, to the above temperature after the primary fermentation has ceased.

Beer, like wine, also suffers from disease. In 1871 Pasteur was summoned to London by a large brewing firm to aid in discovering the cause of the deterioration of their ales, which had resulted in twenty per cent. of their production being returned on their hands as unsaleable. The deterioration was shown to be caused by impurities in the yeast employed, and Pasteur suggested remedies which soon restored the ales of the firm to their original quality.

The method which is applied to wine in order to check disease is equally effective when applied to beer. Pasteurization is now in general use in the wine cellars of the Continent and in many of our largest breweries, and has resulted in a gain to the manufacturers of many thousands annually.

Yeast is a name given to a family of plants, and comprising many species and varieties. Nearly all members of the family are capable of fermenting sugar to alcohol; but the concomitant changes upon which depend to a large extent the special qualities and flavor of the fermented liquor differ with the variety of yeast employed. Ordinary yeast is a mixture in very variable proportions of several varieties, and beer produced by this mixture is liable to sudden and unexpected changes of quality.

Hansen of Copenhagen has studied these varieties of yeast, and devised means for the preparation of pure species on a large scale. There are now large establishments at Berlin and Munich for the preparation of pure yeasts on a commercial scale, from which vast quantities are distributed to all the principal breweries of the Continent.

In 1853 the raw-silk industry of France was valued at five millions sterling annually; while in 1865 its value had sunk to one million. This was caused by the ravages of the silkworm disease. Pasteur again came to the rescue, discovered the cause of the disease in certain micro-organisms in the body of the moth, and devised means for the extermination of the disease. The silk industry rapidly reached its old importance; the returns of the past few years show a steady increase in the value of the produce.

In the large chicken farms of Northern France a disease frequently rages, called, from symptoms, chicken cholera. It appears in epidemics, and causes large mortality. It is caused by a small bacterium, which has of late become notorious as the means proposed by Pasteur for the extermination of rabbits in Australia. The microbe can be cultivated outside the body of the fowl, and if a healthy fowl be inoculated with the fresh virus, it invariably dies. Cultivated, however, for some time under special conditions, the organism loses its virulence, and a fowl inoculated no longer succumbs to the disease, but is found to be vaccinated, or protected against a subsequent inoculation of the virulent virus. This method of protection is now largely employed on the French farms, and has reduced the mortality from ten to one per cent., with a corresponding saving in money value.

Anthrax is an excessively fatal disease, occuring amongst sheep and cattle, causing enormous loss to the farmers of the districts in which the disease is endemic. It is the complaint which when communicated to man is known as woolsorters' disease. The growth and spread of a small bacillus in the blood of the animals is the cause of the affection. This bacillus has, like the microbe of chicken cholera, been cultivated in such a way as to produce a vaccine, so that animals inoculated with this material are protected from this most fatal disease. Such vaccines are now regularly produced and distributed to the veterinary surgeons and farmers of the districts in which anthrax rages. In 1886, no fewer than 357,208 sheep and 47,229 oxen were inoculated, and the death-rate reduced from ten per cent. in unprotected animals to one-fourth per cent. amongst those inoculated.

A disease of pigs known as hog cholera has proved amenable to inoculation; and in 1886 over 19,700 hogs were inoculated.

Cattle both in England and on the Continent are subject to a disease known as "Quarter Evil," caused by a special bacillus.

In Switzerland the disease is especially virulent; and a syndicate of cattle-owners has been formed for the vaccination of their herds and for mutual insurance against losses. In 1888 over two thousand and eighty cattle were inoculated, and the death-rate reduced to one-fourteenth of its average rate amongst unprotected animals.

Pleuro-pneumonia of cattle is a malignant and fatal diseases which causes great loss to the farmers of this country. Though no mirco-organism has been isolated which can be shown with certainty to be the cause of the disease, yet inoculation has been practised by means of the secretions of an animal dead of the disease.

The examples cited above show that Bacteriology has produced results of decided economic value, leaving out of consideration altogether the numerous cases in which it has taught us new and improved ways of dealing with and preventing diseases which more nearly affect mankind. Surely such a record should aid in removing some of the difficulties with which Bacteriology is hampered.

THE LAWYER'S GHOST.—A lawyer and a bishop (perhaps the bishop should come first) were talking, and this was the manner of their talk:

"I have become thoroughly convinced," said the lawyer, "of the existence of nocturnal apparitions, for I have seen one!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop. "I am very curious. Relate the story."

"I will, my lord, I will," said the lawyer. "It was between the hours of eleven and twelve. I had gone to bed, and was just falling into my comfortable sleep, when I was awakened by a strange creaking noise. It sounded as if someone was walking upstairs. The steps sounded nearer and nearer, slower and slower; solemn and measured they were, and presently they halted at my door. I drew the sheet over my head, and lay there trembling, not daring to move. Something," continued the lawyer, "entered my room, and threw the sheet over my face. I felt, rather than saw, a faint yellow, glimmering light. I could not move at first, but I presently managed to gain a little courage. I drew the sheet cautiously down from my face, and—looked!"

"Well?" cried the bishop excitedly.

"In the centre of the room," said the lawyer slowly, "stood a tall man. He seemed gaunt and worn with age or hunger, and his long gray beard hung half way down his breast. He was dressed in a queer loose cloak with a cape, and he wore a broad leather band about his waist. In one hand he held a peculiarly shaped lantern, from which flowed the yellow light, making strange ghostly shadows on the wall behind him. In the other hand he held a staff, the look of which was unpleasant. He stood still in the middle of the floor, looking at me. Presently I said: 'Whence art thou? What dost thou require?'"

"And what did he say?" cried the bishop, fixing his eyes upon the odd expression of the lawyer's face.

"He said," replied the lawyer, speaking in a hoarse whisper; "he said, 'I beg yer pardon, sur, I'm the watchman of the street, sur; an' I thought 'twould be best for me, sur, to come up an' tell yer that yer front door stood open! If ye do be lavin' it that way, sur, it's bad luck ye'll have before the mornin'!'"

HOW TO SUCCEED.—Most of our desires are best and most quickly accomplished, not by headlong chase after them, but by due regard to other. He who would be a good mechanic must obtain general information, cultivate habits of observation, know something of other trades besides his own, and no more allow his mind to grow rusty than his tools. He who would be a first-rate lawyer must not limit his study to technical law. The artist cannot afford to ignore mathematics, nor the merchant to lose interest in reading. Every employment thrives best in the hands of those who unite a fair general knowledge of other things with a specially excellent knowledge of their own. So, when we set ourselves strenuously to accomplish any given task, we need not only perseverance to stick to it, but ability to leave it at proper seasons and to turn his mind into proper channels, or the work itself will be less perfectly and less speedily performed.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA.

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for two yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.50.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
618 F STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
P. O. BOX 463. **JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.**

☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

DISTANT KISSES.

'Twas New Year's night, and Tom and Belle
Were counting the old year's dying knell—
"Ten, eleven," she said, but twelve she missed
For just at that moment her lips were kissed.

"You made your kisses so near," she cried,
"That we could not see when the old year died."
But he answered, sadly, "Ah, no, dear heart,
Those kisses were really a year apart."

—L. W. S.

Regular wags—Pendulums.

Hop merchants—Dancing-masters.

The man who "carries everything before him"—The waiter.

Why are boots and shoes like doormats?—Because they are worn by the feet.

Who was the first post-boy?—Cadmus; he carried letters from Phœnicia to Greece.

"I am on the trail of a dear," as the gentleman said when he trod on a lady's dress.

A woman shouldn't be too sweet. To be smeared with honey is to be teased by insects.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up?—When he takes a roll in bed.

What is it we frequently say we will do and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

The most uncommon of all railroad accidents—The arrival of an express train at the appointed time.

There's no disgrace in being poor. The thing is to keep quiet and not let your neighbors know anything about it.

Why are the wearers of moustaches and beards the most modest men in society?—Because they are the least barefaced.

"What, dearest," asked Margarita of Cecilia, "do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."

After all, there are only two sorts of disease, says a French doctor,—of one of which you die, and the other of which you don't.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Way, you see that my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letther to her."

"That's the kind of weather profit for me," mentally observed the merchant, calmly charging a customer $5 for a $2 umbrella one rainy morning lately.

Some boys were recently trying to ascertain to which class of trees the Tree of Knowledge belonged, when one little fellow gave it as his opinion that it must be a birch tree.

A man who had a very little nose joked another whose nose was very large. The latter exclaimed, "What are you so severe on my nose for? Do you think it was made at the expense of yours?"

No matter how strongly a man pretends that he doesn't believe in ghosts, it may be doubted if he ever goes by a churchyard at midnight without feeling as if something were going to clutch him from behind.

What is a pawnbroker?—A chess-player; he checkmates society with a pawn. Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business?—Yes; three balls. No dinner?—None; with him it is Lent all the year round.

Miss Madcap Oldgal: "Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when—"

Young Foodle: "When you—er—planted it?"

An Irish servant being asked whether his master was within replied, "No."

"When will he return?"

"Oh, when master gives orders to say that he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

Mamma, who has been screaming at the top of her voice for over ten minutes to Johnny, who has just crawled down from the hay-loft: "You naughty, naughty boy! Why didn't you answer me before?"

Johnny, very innocently: "I didn't hear you till you called free or four times."

He: "I would like to be at your side in the beautiful moonlight like this for ever."

She: "Well, George, you can marry me."

He: "That's true; but, you see, it's impossible to make sure of always having the moonlight."

"Willie," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?"

"I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

The process of reasoning in some minds is a curious one. "When Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is in ruins, when Imperial Rome has fallen and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French humorist, "that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows."

SAVING FOR OLD AGE.—No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight. Yes, save money, by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of till he is seventy; and then, how much he will want it! Its curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty may intensify the rheumatism of threescore. It is a fact that, overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty, instead of eighty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money—"Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save knowledge, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures; save pure thoughts, save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.—It is a great advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger, than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

"THERE is a popular impression," said Mrs. Minton Warren, wife of Professor Warren, of the Johns Hopkins University, in a recent address, "that college girls do not marry—that is, comparatively speaking—and that men, as a rule, are afraid of the college girl. Statements of this sort, I remember, once reached the ears of the Vassar girls, and they obtained statistics of marriages among college girls and non-college girls and triumphantly proved that the proportion of weddings among the former was larger than among the latter. But this was not all. They discovered that among all the marriages of Vassar girls in the history of the college there had been but one divorce."

German Baptist Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the German Baptist Brethren will be held at Meyersdale, Pa., on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, commencing May 24th, 1894.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Meyersdale and return from all stations on its system of lines at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. From points east of and including Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 22nd to 28th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

From points west of Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 21st to 26th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

For time of trains, etc., address nearest Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co. or O. P. McCarty, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. S. W R'y, St. Louis, Mo.; L. S. Allen, Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R, Chicago, Ills.; E. D. Smith, Div. Pass Agent, B. & O. R. R, Pittsburg, Pa., or B. F. Bond, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.; Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

BRIGHT EYES
—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

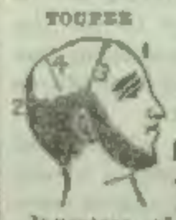
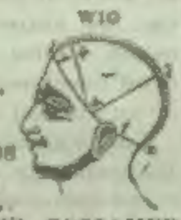
Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "BRIGHT EYES" and "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE  WIG 

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artistes IN HAIR

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

IN EFFECT FEB. 11, 1894.

LEAVE READING TERMINAL, PHILADA.

Buffalo Day Express. Parlor and Dining Car. Chicago Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 9.00 A. M.	Via Bethlehem
Buffalo Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 6.45 P. M.	
Williamsport Express. (Parlor Cars.)	daily 9.45 P. M.	
	week-days 8.35 A. M., 4.00 P. M.	Via Tamaqua

Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper). daily 11.30 P. M.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (3.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.32, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 9.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 5.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3907 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, - - Managing Attorney.
P. O. Box 483. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the **regular** Army or Navy **since** the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, **now** entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

DEXTER SHOE CO., Inc'p. Capital, $1,000,000.
BEST $1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.
"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."

This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we *guarantee the fit, style and wear*, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8 and half sizes. *Send your size; we will fit you.* Illustrated Catalogue FREE

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Special terms to Dealers.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home,

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1026 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. N. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.